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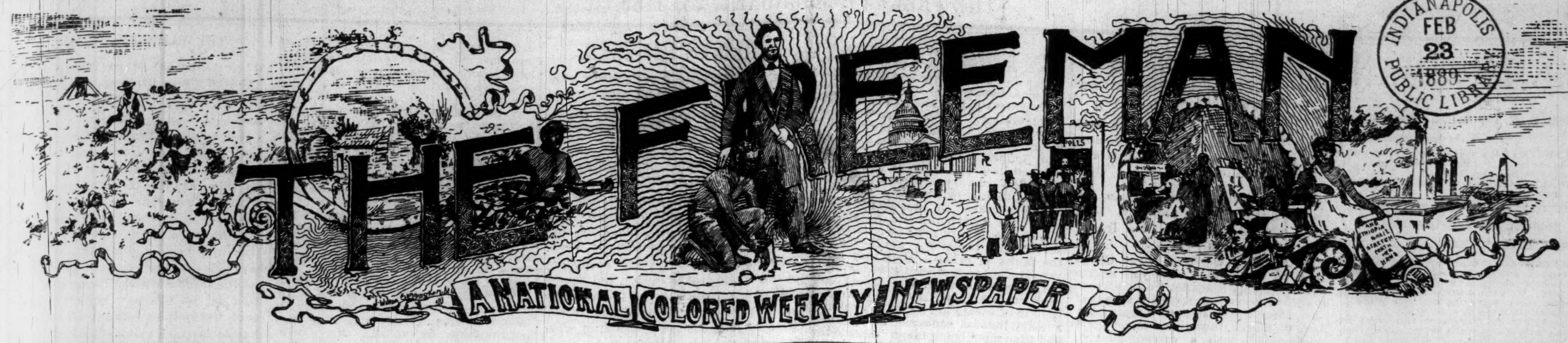


VOLUME I.—NUMBER 27. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1889. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

THE TRIUMPHS AND STRUGGLES OF HENRY O. FLIPPER.

His Early Life and Admission to West Point--Brilliant Service in the Army--His Talent as a Surveyor and Feats in Civil Engineering --Value of a superior Knowledge in Special Lines.

Written expressly for The Freeman:

The glowing possibilities of an aggressive, determined and talented young Negro-American finds no better illustration than in the interesting and romantic career of Henry O. Flipper, new a civil engineer in the employ of the Sonora Land Company, of New Mexico.

Born at Thomasville. Ga., in 1856, the child of slave parents, it would seem the most natural sequence that he would live and die in the monotonous routine of the ordinary slave, but young Flipper fortunately inherited a sturdy intellect and restless ambition from a long line of the best Southern ancestors, and this inspired him to take advantage of every opportunity for advancement that the times afforded. He became a resident of Atlanta and attended the Storrs school and Atlanta University, finishing the Freshman year in the latter institution. In school the young man developed a great fondness and aptitude for mathematics and languages, and detested everything else. He was fond of grammar and language in all its departments and was looked upon as an authority on disputed questions.

The stirring tales of the military achievements of the civil war yet fresh in the public mind, inspired in the breast of the rather romantic youngster a desire for the epaulettes and stripes of the soldier. He passed a creditable examination for a vacant West Point cadetship, and entered that institution in 1873. Though more or less completely ostracised on account of his color, young Flipper completed the course without any very serious difficulty, and graduated in 1877 with honor. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant of the 10th United States cavalry, a colored regiment, and was assigned to the post at Fort Conch, Texas.

His career in the military service was full of exciting incidents, and reads like a page from fiction. Briefly told, however, he was rapidly promoted from post to post, his superior ability overcoming many of the disadvantages entailed by color. In 1878 he held the position of beef inspector for the Indians, with headquarters at Wichita, Kansas. Then he became inspector of supplies for a Comanche agency, and was for a season post signal officer at Fort Sill, Indian Territory. After a year or two at Ft. Elliott, where he was afterward stationed, and surveyed and mapped the country, he returned to Ft. Sill and was assigned to a civil engineering project. He successfully drained the ponds and swamp land about the place, and transferred the fort from an unhealthy disease center to as desirable and pleasant a settlement in the Territory. His work was an unqualified success, and Mr. Flipper feels a pardonable pride in the outcome of his undertaking from the fact that an attempt to accomplish the same had been made by another West Pointer and student of Heidelberg, which had been a failure. He also opened a wagon road from Fort Sill to Gainesville, Texas, and designed and furnished estimates for a Government bridge to be built over a stream in the Indian Territory.

For brave and timely service in the campaign against the Apaches, he was made Post Quartermaster and Commissory of Subsistance at Ft. Davis, Texas, and commanded the respect and confidencs of the highest offices in the frontier army. The rapid progress of the young Negro, rising above aristocratic white men, was more than could be longer endured with equanimity by the "superior race," and here Mr. Flipper's troubles began. Knowing that the Quartermaster was responsible for the losses and the general management of the post, underhand methods were resorted to in order to harass him in the discharge of his duty. Large quantities of Government properties were accidentally (?) destroyed, with the evident intention of proving Mr. Flipper incompetent. These petty methods grew in seriousness. Charges were piled upon each other, and the result was the courtmartial of Mr. Flipper, and his dismissal from the army. This was was in 1882. The injustice was so manifest that the young officer was acquitted of the more damaging charges, yet he was "too smart for a colored man," and his dismissal was imperative.

Not discouraged or disheartened by these experiences he began life afresh.

The Mexican government desired to make a survey of Chihuahua, and after securing the services of two American engineers, they required an assistant. The ability of the young colored surveyor was well known, and, disregarding the color, after much deliberation he was appointed on the staff. It was one of his best pieces of fortune. He was peculiarly fitted for the work on account of his familiarity with the Spanish language and his aptitude for accurate examinations of Spanish land titles and map drawing.

In 1885, a Chicago syndicate organized the Sonora Land Company, and Mr. Flipper was made a member of the engineering force, a position which he now holds and is giving full and complete satisfaction to his employers.

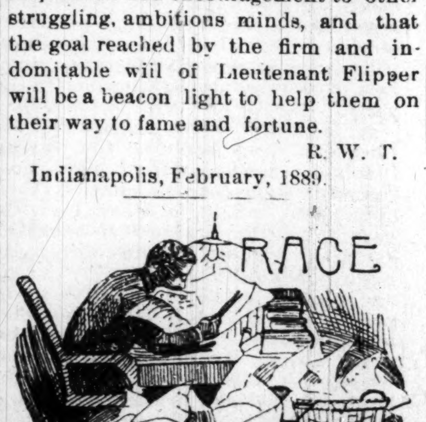
Mr. Flipper is a close student, and has read and digested much of classic literature. While passionately devoted to the æsthetic pleasures, he is intensely practical and can perform well all of the peculiar duties which life in the great, almost uncivilized, West make necessary. He is a close observer and has a remarkable memory. While an agreeable conversationist, he has a horror of public speech-making, and facetiously remarks that he would rather go to jail than appear before an audience. For the benefit of those whom it may interest, we impart the startling information that he is still unmarried.

The career of this whilom slave lad is a record of the struggle and ultimate triumph of intelligence and industry against the stumbling blocks and untoward influences of poverty and race prejudices. It demonstrates that "if merit is there you'll get there." shows, too. that a superior knowledge of some special line is an invaluable aid in battling against adverse circumstance in sparsely settled communities. His particular skill was absolutely necessary to the people of the Territories, and their desire to utilize it was greater than their aver ion to color. Let us hope that, in the life here given, is furnished inspiration and encouragement to other struggling, ambitious minds, and that the goal reached by the firm and indomitable will of Lieutenant Flipper will be a beacon light to help them on their way to fame and fortune.

R. W. T.

Indianapolis, February, 1889.

LIEUTENANT HENRY O. FLIPPER.
The First Colored Graduate of West Point.



The West Virginia Senate has elected a colored doorkeeper.

—

The colored men of Baltimore are making a good showing in a business way.

—

Colored bootblacks and newsboys are creeping in everywhere in New York City.

—

The Pinchback base ball club, of New Orleans, will make a Western tour this season.

—

Hodges Park, Ill., a village with 200 inhabitants, is almost entirely owned by Afro-Americans.

—

There are sixteen colored members in the North Carolina Legislature. Of these, two are in the Senate.

—

An exchange remarks that five, Bishops of the A. M. E. church were born in the month of February, and as the late Bishop Allen was born February 14, 1760, they propose to celebrate the event with appropriate services.

—

The establishment of a colored press bureau is being discussed by the colored papers of the country.

—

The colored people of Boston are indignant with Mayor Hart for unfriendliness to their interests.

—

In a prize fight near Xenia, Ind., Daniel Weldham, white, knocked out John Wallace, colored, in three rounds.

—

There is a colored man in Athens, Ga., by the name of Cato Baldwin, who has made and saved $1,500 by playing an old fiddle at dances. He has bought a house and lot with the money.

—

The Sheppard & Allen Troupe, of Philadelphia, Pa., who have been giving concerts at the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Md., are the first colored troupe who ever sang at the Academy.

—

Messrs. Brown and Copeland, of the Ohio Legislature, were ignored by the Ohio League of Republican Club's Lincoln Banquet Committee on Speakers and the colored people have waxed exceeding wroth thereat.

—

"The Galileean Fisherman" is a prominent industrial organization at Richmond, Va. The order has recently purchased twenty-three houses and lots and are offering them for sale on the installment plan at $6 and $8 per month, allowing ten years to pay for them.

—

Albert Nichols, colored, who died at Davenport, Iowa, a few days ago, was noted for his wonderful knowledge of biblical lore. He knew a great portion of the Bible by heart. From his courteous manner and polite demeanor he was also given the sobriquet of "Prince Albert."

—

The people of Palatka, Fla., with a population of 4,500, have one colored member of the city council, the clerk of the council, two of the four regular policemen, the superintendent of streets and bridges, deputy sheriff, janitor of the court house, a baggage master and a yard master at a railroad depot.

—

President-elect Harrison has appointed Geo Marshall, of Cincinnati, as his official stenographer. Mr. Lanier, also a colored man, has been appointed as his barber. Mr. Marshall is the first colored man who ever held a position on a President's staff.

—

Hattie F. Lewis, of Richmond, Va., lays claim to the entire estate of William A. Thomas, a white man, who died recently, in Henrico county, without a will. The estate is valued at $250,000, and the claimant will contest on the plea of being the daughter of Thomas.

—

Cincinnat's Third Baptist church almost split over the admission of a young colored lady. The pastor, Rev. Robbins, and his side, prayed and sung hymns until the stubborn ones who had adjourned to another part of the church, gave in. A "hallelujah meeting" ended the affair. They won't wish for a separate heaven.

—

F. M. Westbrook and Sons, tobacco packers, of Marion, Ill., who have been unable to secure white men to stem and strip satisfactorily for them, have imported a number of Afro-Americans to do the work. This action on the part of the firm greatly enraged a number of white workmen, who warned the Afro-Americans to leave town. A miniature riot ensued.

—

The colored people of Philadelphia, Pa., have become incensed over the murderous treatment the race is receiving in some of the Southern States, and a permanent organization has been effected under the name of the Civil Rights Association of Philadelphia. The following officers were elected: President, Isaac C. Wear; Vice President, Levi Cromwell; Treasurer, Rev. B. F. Lee and Secretary, Alex G. Davis.

PERSONAL

Mme. Nellie Brown-Mitchell has returned to Boston, after a Southern tour.

—

Mr. W. Homer, of Pittsburg, Pa., is playing "Uncle Tom" with Stenson's Combination.

—

Mr. Charles Stewart, of Chicago, has been appointed a Notary by Gov. Fifer. He is a stenographer.

—

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bowser, of Kansas City, Mo., entertained the Attucks Club last Wednesday evening.

—

George H. Worthington is a salesman in the establishment of the Plymouth Rock Pants Company, of Boston.

—

Mr. J. N. Gilbert, publisher of the Southern Guide, Hearne, Texas, is an applicant for the position of Minister to Liberia.

—

Mr. C. Young, the colored cadet at West Point, from Ohio, has passed his last examination and will graduate this summer.

—

While in Little Rock, Ark., Hon. Fred Douglass was tendered a reception by his admirers at the residence of Major W. A. Rector.

—

Samuel G. Lewis holds the responsible position of voucher clerk of Hamilton county, Ohio. He was appointed by a Democrat.

—

Dr. J. T. Williams, of Charlotte, N. C., has been appointed Surgeon General of the colored State militia—an honor well bestowed.

—

Mr. J. W. Thompson, editor of the People's Journal, Jacksonville, Fla., is a candidate for Collector of Customs at the port of Jacksonville.

—

The silver wedding of Mr. Cornelius and Maria G. Davis took place at their home on Nicholls avenue, Hillsdale, D. C., Monday evening the 25th inst.

—

Miss Flora Batson has committed to memory over 200 selections, embracing all classes of music. In eleven concerts she has sung over eighty different pieces.

—

Rev. J. Francis Robinson has attracted great attention in New Bedford, Mass., recently by preaching a series of sermons on the question, "Is marriage a failure."

—

Mrs. Amanda Scott is the keeper of the ladies' toilet room in the gallery of the Senate of Michigan. She is the first colored woman who has ever held a position in the Legislature of that State.

—

Hon. John R. Lynch, of Mississippi, has erected a handsome residence at No. 1,615 New Hampshire avenue, Washington, D. C. It is a complete home in every particular. It contains nineteen rooms, and will cost $30,000.

—

Mr. James M. Vena, the most prominent colored Democrat in St. Louis, has been appointed to an excellent position by Governor Francis. That is but one of the many benefits that would accrue to the colored people by dividing in politics.

—

President Price, of Livingston College, N. C., is firmly of the opinion that an Industrial and Mechanical College is the best thing for the State to establish for the rising youth, and that there is a splendid chance for its early establishment.

—

Prof. Charles W. Bell, teacher of penmanship in the public schools of Cincinnati, is a candidate for the position of Minister to Hayti. He is said to be naturally a diplomatist, a ready, brilliant speaker, fluent writer, and is strongly presented by the colored Republicans of Ohio.

—

Prof. L. C. Anderson is principal of a flourishing normal school in Prairie, New Texas, from which he has sent out many well equipped teachers. He is very popular in that section with all classes, both for his excellent work among members of his race, and because he strongly objects to the "Negro in politics."

THE FREEMAN.

EDWARD E. COOPER, Proprietor.

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people. It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

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Indianapolis, - - Ind.

TO AGENTS.

Agents for The Freeman must report regularly each week, stating plainly just how many copies they want. We have now nearly 500 active agents, most of whom are rapidly increasing their orders Write often and plainly.

ATTENTION.

Owing to the heavy expense which attaches to the publication of The Freeman, we will not in the future publish extended biographical sketches unless special arrangements are made for the same. One quarter of a column is all we can afford to give with cuts. Sketches containing more matter must be paid for. tf.

The Crosby bill, in the New York Legislature, proposes to make every candidate for any public office, after the election, file in the office of the Secretary of State an itemized statement of all moneys contributed or expended by him, and all debts incurred by him in aid of his election; with minute details concerning methods of expenditure, agents, committees, organizations, etc.

The biggest blow yet dealt the Panama Canal enterprise has been given by the passage of the Nicaragua bill. Even if both water ways were opened to-day by far the greater portion of the business would be done by the Nicaragua route. The latter would be a more direct line between Europe and Asia than the other, while for American ships plying between the Atlantic and Pacific its advantages over the Panama Canal would be numerous and important.

The National Geographical Society is making a special study of tornadoes. The hours of frequency are said to be 3:30 to 4 a. m. and 4:30 to 5 p. m. During records covering eighty-eight years, 4000 persons have been killed and 6,000 injured. The number of casualties greatly is increasing, because these storms once swept over wild lands, which are now dotted with cities and villages. Missouri alone has lost nearly $100,000,000 of property thereby in half a century. On the average 146 tornadoes will occur each year in the United States. They never occur west of the 100 meridian. The width of their tracks varies from 10 feet to 10,000, the length from 300 yards to 200 miles. May leads all the months in the frequency of such storms.

It is said that the temperance societies of the Catholic Church will endow a Chair of Temperance in the new Catholic University at Washington. Precisely what this means is not explained; but it probably points to a systematic study of the causes of intemperance and the desire for ardent drinks, and the methods necessary to counteract the tendency. The field is a fairly open one, and great good would doubtless come from such a scientific study. The Edinburgh doctors have recently made a specialty of the cause of delirium tremens. The study of the hygenic effects of alcohol is forced on our common schools. But there is doubtless need of a university study on the comparative or experimental basis. The new university is a good field for such work.

President Cleveland's Habits.

Boston Globe.

It is probable that President Cleveland has never crossed the threshold of more than two Washington homes outside of the Cabinet circle. In other words, he has not seen the interior of ten residences in Washington. He has never seen Congress at work, and I am assured that in four years he has not once entered a department building. The Treasury, State, Navy, War and Attorney-General's Departments are all within a stone's throw of the White House, but Mr. Cleveland never opened their doors. Mr. Cleveland never walked upon Pennsylvania avenue, as Grant was in the habit of doing, and surely he never took a drink across a Washington bar as Buchanan did more than once. He rarely goes to the theater, not caring much for plays. Probably there has now and then been an entire week he has not once put on his hat and gone out of doors. All he knows about Washington and its ways he has heard.

WRITING IN THE DUST.

JESUS STOOPED AND WROTE ON THE GROUND.

Telling of Nations Destroyed and Cities Engulfed---Forgiveness and Hypocrisy Penned by the Great Master's Hand.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached in the Brooklyn tabernacle last Sunday. Subject: "The Literature of the Dust." Text: John viii., 6. He said:

I have always wondered what Christ wrote on the ground. Do you realize that is the only time that He ever wrote at all? I know that Eusebius says that Christ once wrote a letter to Abgarus, the King of Edessa, but there is no good evidence of such a correspondence. The wisest being the world ever saw and the one who had more to say than any who ever lived, never writing a book or a chapter, or a page, or a paragraph, or a word on parchment. Nothing but the literature of the dust, and one sweep of a brush or one breath of a wind obliterated that forever. Among all the rolls of the volumes of the first library founded at Thebes there was not one scroll of Christ. Among the seven hundred thousand books of the Alexandrian library, which by the infamous decree of Caliph Omar were used as fuel to heat the four thousand baths of the city, not one sentence had Christ penned. Among all the infinitude of volumes now standing in the libraries of Edinburgh, the British Museum, or Berlin or Vienna, or the learned repositories of all nations, not one word written directly by the finger of Christ. All that He ever wrote He wrote in dust, uncertain, shifting, vanishing dust. My text says He stooped down and wrote on the ground. Standing straight up a man might write on the ground with a staff, but if with his fingers he would write in the dust, he must bend clear over. Aye, he must get at least on one knee or he cannot write on the ground. Be not surprised that He stooped down, His whole life was a stooping down. Stooping down from castle to barn. Stooping down from celestial homage to mobocratic jeer. From residence above the stars to where a star had to fall to designate His landing place. From heaven's front door to the world's back gate. From writing in round and silvered letters of constellation and galaxy on the blue scroll of heaven, to writing on the ground in the dust, which the feet of the crowd had left in Herod's temple.

Whether the words He was writing were in Greek or Latin, or Hebrew, I cannot say, for he knew all languages. But He is still stooping down and with His finger writing on the ground: in the winter in letters of crystal, in the spring in letters of flowers, in the summer in golden letters of harvest, in autumn in letters of fire on fallen leaves. How it would sweeten up and enrich and emblazon this world could we see Christ's caligraphy all over it. This world was not flung out into space thousands of years ago and then left to look out for itself. It is still under the divine care. Christ never for half a second takes His hand off of it, or it would soon be a ship-wrecked world, a defunct world, an obsolete world, an abandoned world, a dead world.

Let us wake up from our stupidity and take the whole world as a parable. Then if, with gun and pack of hounds, we start off before dawn and see the morning coming down off the hills to meet us we would cry out with the evangelist. "The day spring from on high hath visited us:" or caught in a snow storm, while struggling home, eyebrows, beard and apparel all covered with the whirling flakes, we would cry out with David: "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." In a picture gallery of Europe there is on the ceiling an exquisite fresco, but people having to look straight up to it wearied and dizzied them and bent their necks almost beyond endurance, so a great looking-glass was put near the floor and now visitors only need to look easily down into this mirror and they see the fresco at their feet. And so much of all the heaven of God's truth is reflected in this world as in a mirror, and the things that are above us are copied by things all around us. What right have we to throw away one of God's Bibles, aye, the first bible he ever gave the race? We talk about the Old Testament and the New Testament, but the oldest Testament contains the lessons of the natural world. Some people like the New Testatment. Shall we like the New Testament and the Old Testament so well as to depreciate the oldest, namely; that which was written before Moses was put afloat on the boat of leaves, which was calked with asphaltum, or reject the Genesis and the Revelation that were written centuries before Adam lost a rib and gained a wife? No, no. When Deity stoops down and writes on the ground let us read it. I would have no less appreciation of the Bible on paper that comes out of the paper-mill, but I would urge appreciation of the Bible in the grass, the Bible in the sand hill, the Bible in the geranium, the Bible in the asphodel, the Bible in the dust. I have no fear that natural religion will ever contradict what we call revealed religion. I have no sympathy with the followers of Aristotle, who, after the telescope was invented, would not look through it lest it contradict some of the theories of their great master. I shall be glad to put against one lid of the Bible the microscope, and against the other lid of the Bible the telescope.

But when Christ stooped down and wrote on the ground, what did he write? The Pharisees did not stop to examine. The cowards, whipped of their own consciences, fled pell-mell. Nothing will flay a man like an aroused conscience. Dr. Stevens, in his "History of Methodism," says that when Rev. Benjamin Abbott, of olden times, was preaching he exclaimed: "For aught I know there may be be a murder in this house," and a man rose in the assemblage and started for the door and bawled aloud, confessing to a murder he had committed fifteen years before. And no wonder these Pharisees, reminded of their sins, took to their heels. But what did Christ write on the ground? The Bible does not state. Yet, as Christ never wrote anything except that once, you can not blame us for not wanting to know what He really did write. But I am certain he wrote nothing trivial, or nothing unimportant And will you allow me to say that I think I know what he wrote on the ground? I judge from the circumstances. He might have written other things, but kneeling there in the temple, surrounded by a pack of hypocrites, who were a self-appointed constabulary, and having in his presence a persecuted woman, who evidently was very penitent for her sins, I am sure he wrote two words, both of them graphic and tremendous and reverberating. And the one word was Hypocrisy and the other word was Forgiveness. From the way these Pharisees and Scribes vacated the premises and got out into the fresh air, as Christ, with just one ironical sentence, unmasked them, I know they were first-class hypocrites. It was then as it is now. The more faults and inconsistencies people have of their own, the more severe and censorious are they about the faults of others. Here they are—twenty stout men arresting and arraigning one weak woman. Magnificent business to be engaged in. They wanted the fun of seeing her faint away under a heavy judicial sentence from Christ, and then after being taken outside the city and fastened at the foot of a precipice, the Scribes and Pharisees wanted the satisfaction of each coming and dropping a big stone on her head, for that was the style of capital punishment they asked for. Some people have taken the responsibility of saying that Christ never laughed. But I think as he saw those men drop everything, chagrined, mortified, exposed, and go out quicker than they came in, he must have laughed. At any rate, it makes me laugh to read of it. All of these libertines, dramatizing indignation against impurity. Blind bats lecturing on optics. A flock of crows on their way up from a carcass, denouncing carrion. Yes, I think that one word written on the ground that day by the finger of Christ was the awful word Hypocrisy. But I am sure there was another word in that dust. From her entire manner I am sure that arraigned woman was repentant. She made no apology, and Christ in no wise belittled her sin. But her supplicatory behavior and her tears moved him, and, when he stooped down on the ground, he wrote that mighty, that imperial word, Forgiveness.

I must not forget to say that as Christ, stooping down, with His finger wrote on the ground, it is evident that His sympathies are with this penitent woman, and that He has no sympathy with her hypocritical pursuers Just opposite to that is the world's habit. Why didn't these unclean Pharisees bring one of their own number to Christ for excoriation and capital punishment? No, no; they overlook that in a man which they damnate in a woman. And so the world has had for offending women scourges and objurgation, and for just one offense she becomes an outcast, while for men whose lives have been sodomic for twenty years, the world swings open its doors of brilliant welcome, and they may sit in Legislatures and Senates and parliaments or on thrones. Unlike the Christ of my text, the world writes a man's misdemeanor in dust, but chisels a woman's offense with great capitals upon ineffaceable marble. For foreign lords and princes, whose names can not even be mentioned in respectable circles abroad because they are walking lazarettos of abomination, our American princess of fortune wait, and at the first beck sail out with them into the blackness of darkness forever. And in what are called higher circles of society there is now not only the imitation of foreign dress and foreign manners, but also an imitation of foreign dissoluteness. I like an Englishman and I like an American, but the sickest creature on earth is an American playing the Englishman. Society needs to be reconstructed on this subject. Treat them alike, masculine crime and feminine crime. If you cut the one in granite, cut them both in granite. If you write the one in dust, write the other in dust. No, no, says the world, let woman go down and let man go up. What is that I hear plashing into the East River at midnight and then there is a gurgle as of strangulation, and all is still. Never mind, it is only a woman too discouraged to live. Let the mills of the cruel world grind right on.

But while I speak of Christ of the text, His stooping down writing in the dust, do not think I underrate the literature of the dust. It is the most solemn and tremendous of all literature. It is the greatest of all libraries. When Layard exhumed Nineveh he was only opening the door of its mighty dust. The excavations of Pompeii have only been the unclasping of the lids of a volume of a nation's dust. It is not so wonderful after all that Christ chose, instead of an inkstand, the impressionable sand on the floor of an ancient temple, and, instead of a hard pen, put forth his forefinger with the same kind of nerve and muscle and bone and flesh as that which makes up our own forefinger, and wrote the awful doom of hypocrisy, and full and complete forgiveness for repentant sinners, even the worst.

And now I can believe that which I read, how that a mother kept burning a candle in the window every night for ten years, and one night very late a poor waif of the street entered. The aged woman said to her, "Sit down by the fire." And the stranger said, "Why do you keep that light in the window?" The aged woman said, "That is to light my wayward daughter when she returns. Since she went away ten years ago my hair has turned white. Folks blame me for worrying about her, but you see I am her mother, and sometimes half a dozen times in a night I open the door and look out into the darkness and cry 'Lizzie!' Lizzie!' But I must not tell you any more about my trouble for I guess, from the way you cry, you have trouble enough of your own. Why, how cold and sick you seem! Oh, my! can it be? Yes, you are Lizzie, my own lost child. Thank God that you are home again!" And what a time of rejoicing there was in that house that night! Christ again stooped down and in the ashes of that hearth, now lighted up not more by the great blazing logs than by the joy of a reunited household, and wrote the same liberating words that He had written more than eighteen hundred years ago in the dust of the Jerusalem temple, Forgiveness! A word broad enough and high enough to let pass through it all the armies of heaven, a million abreast, on white horses, nostril to nostril, flank to flank.

SHOTS.

Going-up stares—The crowd at a balloon ascension.

All men are not homeless, but some men are home less than others.

The very latest thing in men's furnishing goods is the night shirt.

No man thinks of going home by the clock when he is out on watch-night.

Rejected suitors sometimes commit suicide, but rejected manuscripts never.

PRAISES HIMSELF.

THE PRESIDENT REVIEWS HIS ADMINISTRATION.

Its Salient Features—What He Has Accomplished and Sought to Accomplish—The Difficulties Overcome.

The Baltimore Sun of Thursday published the following special dispatch from Washington, giving a review of President Cleveland's administration based upon conversations with the President:

Less than three weeks of President Cleveland's four years' occupancy of the White House remain and the record of his administration is practically made up. A review of the salient features of the administration; of what it has accomplished and sought to accomplish, and of the difficulties with which it has had to contend, is therefore appropriate at this time and not without value to the country at large.

The key-note of Mr. Cleveland's policy from the beginning has been to give the people a practical, business-like administration, irrespective of personal considerations. No one who has talked with Mr. Cleveland; who has observed the perfect candor and openness of his language on this point and has watched the animated play of his features when discussing it, as the writer has done, can fail to be convinced of the earnestness and sincerity of his purpose, his high sense of public duty and his devotion to the best interests of the people. There is probably no American in public life who has a deeper, more genuine sympathy with the people, and there never has been a President more accessible or one who surrendered so much of his time to gratify the natural curiosity and interest of the bone and sinew of the land in their chief executive as Mr. Cleveland.

In conversation with the writer he remarked with feeling that his afternoon receptions, or handshakes as he calls them, were the pleasantest incidents of his life. He derives a genuine enjoyment from meeting people who come from every section of the country, not in search of office, or with any favor to ask, but merely for the sake of exchanging a pleasant word or two with the President.

The close of Mr. Cleveland's administration finds him as busy and perhaps even busier, than when he was inducted into office. There is now a mass of work before him which will tax even his robust energies to dispose of before inauguration day. He works as hard as any department clerk, because he is not content to take things for granted, but insists upon informing himself as to every question he is called upon to decide. The pressure of official and social duties throughout the day is so great that he is seldom able to address himself to the documentary work and correspondence, which is accumulating upon his desk during almost every hour until 9 o'clock at night, and he is seldom able to retire before 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. He is in the office again by 9:30 in the morning, and from 10 to 1 is busy receiving members of Congress and their constituents.

Much of the time is consumed, unnecessarily, by the want of consideration displayed by Congressmen in introducing persons who call merely to pay their respects. The afternoon receptions were set apart for this class of visitors, but it often happens that an influential constituent bobs up at the Capitol, and the member from way-back or some other district, wishing to impress his importance or influence upon so valuable a supporter, or to tickle the latter's vanity, says: "Oh, come along, I'll take you to see the President," and does so during the hours set apart for official business.

The president has never complained of this inconsiderate treatment, but he was greatly gratified and impressed by the conduct of the late Representative Burns of Missouri who always presented his constituents, who merely wished to see the president at the public receptions.

Notwithstanding his patience under these exactions, and the fact that almost his entire time during the day has been given up to the public, the president has been criticised for being "exclusive," and the complaint has been freely made that he would not give the representative men of his party the opportunity of consulting freely with him. "There has never been a time," said the president on this point, "when I have not been willing and anxious to talk with members of congress and leading men in the party."

It is known to his friends that the President feels acutely the charge that he has held aloof from men whose character and position entitled their opinions to weight, and has been disposed to take the bit between his teeth and act on his own responsibility. He has all along been animated by a high and serious sense of his duty to the people, and this has often prompted him to a course of action in opposition to the wishes or opinions of personal friends. It is the secret, too, of his laborious devotion to matters of routine. He expresses himself very moderately on the latter point and shows no disposition whatever to exploit his industry.

"It may be because I am awkward at it," he said to-day, "that I have to work so hard."

It may be stated that the President is thoroughly satisfied with the practical outcome of his administration and its effects on the fortunes of the Democratic party. He is very earnest in predicting a great future for Democracy and in asserting his unqualified devotion to the party, said he, "and it was never in better shape than it is at present. When we consider the condition it was in before the tariff isssue was formulated, the want of unanimity, the wide divergence of views on many points, and the hearty united support it gave me during the campaign, who can doubt that its status has been improved and that it has a glorious future before it."

The president is as firm now as he ever was in the opinion that tariff reform is the great living issue for the democracy. He regards it as an issue in harmony with the spirit and traditions of the party, and one involving enormous benefits to the people. He believes that sooner or later the toiling masses will be thoroughly aroused to an indignant perception of the burdens unjustly imposed upon them by the tariff laws, and of the fact that the taxing power of the nation is being recklessly used for the benefit of a favored class. He does not tolorate the idea that the democracy was beaten on the tariff issue last fall. "Had certain conditions been eliminated from the campaign," he said, "we would have won a decided victory."

So far as he is individually concerned, he has no regrets at lying down his trust. He thinks the defeat of the democracy is to be deplored because of the injury resulting to the public interests, but personally he experiences a profound sense of relief at the prospect of speedy release from the ordeal to which he has been exposed during the past four years. The strain has been so great that no man of less robust health and rugged virility could have withstood it. One of the most trying features of his position has been that, in the discharge of his official duties, he has been called upon so frequently to offend persons whose friendship and good opinion he valued. Mr. Cleveland's sympathies are warm and easily roused. The insensibility with which he has so often been accused is a supposed trait of character which has no existence. He has often hesitated between his personal inclinations and his sense of what was exacted of him by the dignity of his position, the interests of the public and his oath of office. He has had to fight for the right at almost every step of his official progress, and he is naturally tired of the continuous wear and tear of the contest. It is an open secret that he accepted the democratic nomination last summer with genuine reluctance, and after earnest efforts to escape it. His supposed political aspirations for the future do not exist. There is no rivalry on his part between himself and anybody else. "I am in no one's way," he says. "I shall be delighted to be relieved of the cares of the presidency. On the 4th of March next, on purely personal grounds, there will be no happier man in the United States."

With reference to the civil service system he is as firm and decided as in his views on the tariff question. He believes that civil service reform has come to stay. He has treated it solely as a practical question and has been much hampered and embarrassed by the vagaries of sentimental reformers and theorists who have been continually urging him to do this or that for mere sensational effect which he did not regard as judicious. He has endeavored to give the civil service scheme a fair trial and expresses himself as fully satisfied with the results.

There may be differences of opinion as to details, but he thinks the examinations are, on the whole, about the best test of merit that can be devised. It is certainly far preferable to the spoils system, and he has no fear that it will degenerate into a mere bureaucracy. The worst type of bureaucracy was developed under the spoils system of former administrations. When Mr. Cleveland came into office he found the departments filled with incompetents, who had found permanent lodgment there through favoritism. His doubt is whether sufficient cleaning out has been done to subserve the best interests of the government and to give wider scope for civil service reform through its methods in filling the places of inefficient with capable men.

The President recognizes fully the feelings of the great mass of Democratic office-seekers who expected place and recognition, and the disappointment and irritation which resulted from his inability to satisfy them. It is a matter of deep regret to him that he could not do so, but he had a higher public duty to perform, the purification and elevation of the public service and elimination from party politics, as far as possible, of the degrading use of "patronage," an evil that has grown to gigantic proportions and was steadily increasing. He is very earnest in advocacy of civil service as being a thoroughly practical reform, and in no sense undemocratic. He thinks the work of his administration has fixed this reform as a permanent feature of our system of Government, and that no party can afford to antagonize it openly. So far as his own status in the party, as affected by his attitude on the civil service question is concerned, it may be said that he regards himself as a better Democrat than many of his critics.

The President is especially gratified at the effect of his administration on the prosperity and happiness of the southern people, both black and white. He believes in making no distinctions between any of the sections, and he deprecates strongly the revival of animosities which were supposed to be dead and buried. He is satisfied that the race problem can be worked out by the people of that section without outside interference.

He spoke in terms of grateful appreciation of the hearty and united support accorded him by the members of his Cabinet. The administration, it must be conceded, will go down in history as unique, in the fact that all its members have pulled together, from beginning to end, and no personal jealousies or resentments have marred the harmony of its deliberations. Every member of it has been hard-working, energetic, and wholly devoted to the public interests, and every department presents an enviable record of important reforms and economies accomplished, and substantial results in the effort to promote the public good. No breath of scandal or taint of corruption has attached to any branch of the public service.

In view of the jobbery and scheming that permeated every department under former regimes, and which seemed to have become a permanent feature in official life in Washington, no more honorable epitaph could be applied to the administration now drawing to a close than the emphatic declaration of the President to the writer: "We have nothing to hide."

Husband and Wife.

Many a couple not realizing in marriage to-day the happiness they expected, nor the happiness they had during courtship, could commence for each other their paradise for eternity, by commencing where some leave off, even at the altar commencing the period of courtship over again; commencing the renewal of the little civilities and attentions which characterized that period, the desire to please each other's eyes in care, taste and neatness of attire; the control of temper and demeanor in each other's presence; the checking of the cutting retort or sarcasm—commencing to restore those certain barriers and formalities of etiquette which it is never safe for man and wife to disregard and trample over.

THE WAR SHIPS OF 1889.

What Additions to Our Navy Can Be Relied Upon During the Present Year.

Washington Special N. Y. Sun.

The troubles in Samoa have led the Navy Department to look over its list of vessels under construction in order to see how many of them can be made available during the next few months. The chief value these are to add is derived from their guns and their speed. They are, besides, built of steel, and have all the best modern appliances; but the trouble with our vessels now at Apia or on the way thither consists much less in their being built of wood than in their carrying guns less powerful than they ought to be. All the German vessels there are unarmored, and the two armored cruisers said to have started thither from home waters will be a long time on the way. With good guns the difference between steel and wooden vessels, where both are unarmored, would not worry our sailors.

All the new cruisers and gunboats carry the modern style of high-powdered, breech-loading steel rifles. They are also coal protected, or, in other words, have a belt of coal around the machinery to help keep out hostile shot, when the bunkers are full. The great reliance felt in the Chicago, Atlantic, and Boston, in the present emergency, is that they not only have good speed, but carry as good guns as any of their calibre in the world. This is equally true of the new vessels we are to add this present year, which are also armed with 6-inch and 8-inch guns. The 6-inch gun weighs 11,000 pounds, and its carriage 6,400. Its projectile weighs 100 pounds, and, with its service charge of 50 pounds of powder, will penetrate thirteen inches of wrought iron at the muzzle. The 8 inch gun weighs 28,000 pounds, and its carriage 14,000 pounds. Its projectile weighs 250 pounds, and, with its service charge of 50 pounds of powder, will penetrate thirteen inches of wrought iron at the muzzle. It is evident, therefore, that the power of the battery is in excess of what is required for contending with unarmored ships, whether of steel or wood, and is quite sufficient for engaging some armored vessels.

We have to-day ready for service the Chicago, with eight of these 6-inch guns and four of the 8-inch, besides two of the 5-inch; the Atlanta and the Boston, each with six of the 6-inch and two of the 8-inch; the Dolphin, now probably at Apia, with one of the 6-inch.

In addition, the Yorktown, launched last year, is now practically ready for the trial trip and for regular sea service. She is of 1,700 tons displacement, and will have a speed of at least 16 knots, and possibly 17, while her battery will consist of six 6-inch guns. There are two other gunboats of the Yorktown type, having the same displacement, speed and armament, which will be ready this year. These are the Concord and the Bennington. According to the contract they should be completed by the middle of May; and while it is not expected that this will be accomplished we may presume that they will be ready for service during the summer. These three vessels all have curved steel decks protecting the machinery, magazine and steering gear, besides the coal bunker protection already spoken of. A fourth gunboat, which will be turned over to the Government during the spring, is the little Petrel, which only displaces about 870 tons, and is only expected to reach 18 knots, but will carry four of the 6-inch guns. She is supplied with a protective steel deck and other modern devices.

Much more important than any of these vessels is the Charleston, now almost ready for sea at San Francisco. She is of 3,730 tons displacement, is to have a speed of eighteen knots, and is to carry six 6-inch and two 8-inch guns. This vessel, with her high speed and powerful battery, will no doubt be of great service in the Pacific during the coming summer. Work upon her has been hurried of late, and if necessary she can proceed to sea by or before the end of March. In that case she would doubtless go with only her broadside battery of 6 inch guns and secondary battery of rapid fire and machine guns, as the 8-inch could not be made ready in season.

Still another cruiser which can be relied on for use during the coming summer is the Baltimore, now in process of completion by Cramp & Sons, at Philadelphia This is one of the most important of our unarmored cruisers, having 4,413 tons displacement, and carrying the powerful battery of four 8 inch and eight 6-inch guns. The feature in which she will most surpass the Chicago is her speed, which is to be nineteen knots, her engines being guaranteed to produce 10,750 horse power.

Here are six valuable vessels, whose addition to the navy within as many months may be confidently counted upon; and a seventh, of a different type, is the Vesuvius, with her 21½ knots at the maximum, and her dynamite guns. Toward the end of the year three other first class cruisers are expected to be ready. These are the San Francisco, the Newark, and the Philadelphia. The contract time for the San Francisco ends in December, and her builders believe she will be ready at that date. These three vessels, as originally designed, are of 4,083 tons displacement, and carry each a battery of twelve 6-inch guns. The Newark is to have a speed of 18 knots and the other two a speed of 19 knots.

With seven new vessels assured before the end of the year and ten likely to be furnished if necessary, there need be no croaking about the prospects of our navy.

Prepare for Spring.

Now is the time to prepare for spring, and your own system is of first importance. If you have not felt well during the winter, if you have been overworked, or closely confined in badly ventilated rooms or shops, you need a good tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Take it early and you will ward off attacks of disease or escape the effects of impure blood and that tired feeling, so common in the spring. Do not delay. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

"I wish to state the benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have used it in the spring for three years for debility, and can say that I gained in flesh and strength after using one bottle. It has also cured me of sick headache." MRS. F. H. ANDREWS, South Woodstock, Conn.

"I took Hood's Sarsaparilla for loss of appetite dyspepsia, and general languor. It did me a vast amount of good, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it." J. W. WILLEFORD, Quincy, Ill.

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100 Doses One Dollar.

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Swift's Specific cured our baby of an angry eruption called Eczema after the doctor's prescriptions had failed, and she is now hale and hearty. H. T. SHOBE, Rich Hill, Mo.

Send for our books on Blood and Skin Diseases and Advice to Sufferers, mailed free.

The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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Cod Liver Oil,

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A Reliable Remedy for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Scrofula and General Debility.

Very easy to take. Does not produce Nausea, and is easily assimilated.

Thousands of Physicians are prescribing it in their regular practice and many assert that it is

The Best Emulsion in the Market.

Ask your Druggist for it and take no other.

J. A. MAGEE & CO., Manufacturers, Lawrence, Mass. Toronto, Can.

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For the other 54 sets and 1001 things besides (many New and Rare) see our GRAND SPRING CATALOGUE, 150 pages, sent free to all who wish to purchase either Seeds, Plants or Trees. All others wishing this catalogue send 20c. Ours is one of the oldest, largest and most reliable nurseries in the U. S. 35th year, 24 greenhouses, 700 acres.

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IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER purchase one of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibres 32, 38 and 44-100. Single or double action, Safety Hammerless and Target models. Constructed entirely of best quality wrought steel, carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, they are unrivaled for finish, durability and accuracy. Do not be deceived by cheap malleable cast-iron imitations which are often sold for the genuine article and are not only unreliable, but dangerous. The SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are all stamped upon the barrels with firm's name, address and dates of patents and are guaranteed perfect in every detail. Insist upon having the genuine article, and if your dealer cannot supply you an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Descriptive catalogue and prices furnished upon application.

SMITH & WESSON, Springfield, Mass.

Mention this paper.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Late Principal Examiner, U. S. Pension Bureau, Att'y at Law, Washington, D. C., successfully prosecutes claims, original, increase, re-rating, widows', children's and dependent relatives'. Experience: 3 yrs. in last war, 15 yrs. in Pension Bureau, and 4 yrs. practicing attorney.

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UNDER GERMAN ESPIONAGE.

The Thorough and Efficient Spy System Practiced Here.

The New Nork Times says that the announcement by cable that the German government has ordered a military attache, Lieutenant Eckardstein, to report to the German minister in this country, and investigate, preparatory to a report to his War Department, everything of interest concerning the American army and navy, fortifications, equipments, etc., has attracted no little attention among army and navy officers. To any one acquainted with the workings of the War Department of Germany, it is needless to state that there is not a fort or ship belonging to the United States of which a full and accurate description cannot be obtained from among the thousands of pigeon holes in their intelligence bureaus. To imagine that Lieutenant Eckardstein is the first German officer who has been sent on this mission is simply absurd. It was only the other day, at the trial of the fifteen-inch dynamite gun at Ft. Lafayette, that a close observer was noted among the spectators—a sharp eyed little man, in close-fitting plaid overcoat, who watched with the greatest attention every working of the gun, and listened to every word of opinion let fall. That same little man is directing in part, the prodigious efforts now making by German officers to gather additional information concerning some of our fortifications. He was no other than the Baron von Stomberg, of the imperial German army, an officer of high rank and ability, and just the one to be detailed for work of so great importance. He made his appearance very unexpectedly on the scene, but was recognized at once by Captain Zalinski and several naval officers. Of course he was given all the attention which could be accorded a foreign officer by those of a friendly power. The policy of the German government is to keep itself thoroughly informed in regard to the military and naval strength of the United States, as well as of other countries. German officers of high rank have traveled over this country in the garb of a laborer, of a countryman, of a peddler, or any such mask which will serve to gain admission to places where their presence would not be allowed were their objects known. This espionage, carried on not only by the Germans, but by other powers in this country, came to the knowledge of some prominent military men about six years ago. A large number of German officers had been obtaining drawings and plans of the most accurate description of all our system of defenses. Secretly investigating this matter, it was found to the astonishment of those engaged, that German officers had actually enlisted in the United States army as private soldiers, had remained in the garrison a few weeks, and then deserted, this period of a few weeks being sufficient for their gaining every point of information that could in any possible contingency be utilized. Some of our army officers will recall an order issuing from the War Department about five years ago calling on commanding officers to exercise the greatest care and surveillance in the admitting of only proper persons to parts of forts and batteries where it would not be expedient for certain workings and plans to be known in general. At about the same time it was learned that certain German sailors, who had deserted from the navy, were no other than German naval officers who had managed to serve as part of the crews of some of our best vessels. They had been characterized as sharp, bright sailormen, though at the time no one aboard doubted for an instant they were other than common seamen. When the Trenton first went to Europe she shipped aboard at Southampton, during the cruise, some 150 men. Officers who were on board of her at the time will remember the occasion. It has since been learned that at the very time she shipped some foreign officers, and they were among the number who made up the wholesale desertions later. It was only the other day that a manuscript was seen in the hands of a British naval officer pertaining to our vessels and containing the same kind of information which the Germans have from time to time secured.

The German system of espionage is the most thorough of any existing in any country to-day. It is all under the control of what is known as "general staff." Any officer in the German army is liable to be suddenly ordered to the War Department in Berlin, there to receive orders from the head of the general staff to proceed, at once, in disguise, to some foreign country. The officer at once assumes a disguise. From the moment he leaves his regiment in obedience to these orders, he loses his identity and is prohibited from making known his presence to even a friend he may chance to encounter. Arriving in the foreign country he immediately delivers to his country's ministers dispatches which in themselves disclose his identity. If he be a subordinate officer, he reports to the German officer in the country who has control of the gathering of information, and from that time on he is engaged in real detective work. There is nothing he must shrink from, and whatever gait and mein will best suit his ends, that part he must assume. As a general rule, officers detailed for this work are picked from the brightest lights in the army, for on the strength of their plans and reports of certain works whole army corps may be put in motion as a result of the commander-in-chief studying the plans before him.

When the Franco-Pressian war broke out the Germans knew France better than the French themselves. There was not a creek, little bridge, crossing, hennery, barn, dwelling or out-house that the map of the German spy did not specify on its face. We have not a fort, not a ship, not a gun which the Germans are not acquainted with in nearly every detail. There is not a railroad guide in this country which contains more complete information than that which can be produced from the pigeonholes of the German War Department. There can be no question that the general staff of the German army have been studying, ever since this Samoan difficulty arose, every matter supplied by their secret service, and should war be declared to-morrow, their plan of action could be indicated at once. At the close of each day it is made out, and if on the morrow any new information comes in by cipher over the cable, it is changed to meet the requirements. But at the close of the day there remains a full and complete plan of attack, based on the knowledge received up to that day. So far as is known, no study of German strength or of possible contingencies arising have been done at our War Department.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

The statistics of New England prove that seven out of every ten women left widows under the age of 35 marry again within two years.

The entire potato product of the country in 1888 was 230,000,000 bushels, an increase of 90,000,000 bushels over the crop of 1887. The principal great potato producing states are New York, Michigan, Illinois, and Minnesota, and Dakota territory.

The window-glass consumption for the last six months of 1888 was the largest ever known, and there were 200,000 more boxes produced than the year previous. The imports were also heavy. The number of pots were increased during the year from 700 to 1,200.

The dairy interests of the United States represent more than $3,000,000,000. The number of milk cows is estimated at 24,000,000, which give an aggregate milk production of 7,350,000,000 gallons. Four billion gallons are used for butter, 700,000,000 for cheese, and the balance for general purposes. The annual production of butter is 1,350,000,000 pounds, and 6,500,000 pounds of cheese. This immense dairy herd requires 100,000,000 acres of pasture land to support it.

Does the Earth Realy Move!

Science says that it does, but we cannot help wondering sometimes if there isn't some mistake about it, when we see how stubbornly certain old fogies cling to their musty and antiquated, ideas. It was believed once that consumption was incurable, and although it has been clearly demonstrated that it is not, thousands of old-time physicians close their eyes and put their ears and refuse to abandon the theory. But for all that the world moves on, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery continues to rescue sufferers from consumptives' graves. It is a sure cure for this dreaded disease--and consumption is included in the list--yield to it.

"Man overbored!"—The editor.

"Purgatory Bullets."

An excited Irishman lately rushed into a Boston drug store, having a "Broken-up" appearance generally. "De jabbers"! he yelled, "I'm all wrong entoirely. I want some shtuff to straighten me out. Some o' thim Purgatory Bullets' will fix me I'm thinkin'. What d'ye tax for thim"! 'What do you mean"? asked the clerk. "'Purgatory Bullets,' sor, or somethin' loike that. they call thim," replied the man. "Shure, I'm in purgatory already, with headache, and liver complaint, and bad shtomach, and the divil knows what all." The clerk passed out a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and Pat went off contented. These little Pellets cure derangements of liver, stomach and bowels. Sugar-coated, little larger than mustard seeds, and pleasant to take. Druggists.

Always keeps resolutions—The secretary of the society.

Shall Women Be Allowed to Vote.

The question of female suffrage has agitated the tongues and pens of reformers for many years, and good arguments have been adduced for and against it. Many of the softer sex could vote intelligently, and many would vote as their husbands did, and give no thought to the merits of a political issue. They would all vote for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for they know it is a boon to their sex. It is unequaled for the cure of leucorrhea, abnormal discharges, morning sickness, and the countless ills to which women are subject. It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weakness and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on wrapper around bottle.

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used **Brown's Bronchial Troches**, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—*Felix A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.*

ON TO WASHINGTON.

IN PULLMAN VESTIBULE BUFFET SLEEPERS VIA "OLD RELIABLE" C., H. & D. AND "PICTURESQUE" B. & O.

People who are anticipating a trip to Washington will be pleased to learn of the following permanent arrangements which went into effect February 11th.

The C., H. & D. fast express, leaving Indianapolis daily (ex. Sunday) at 3:30 p. m. has a new Pullman Vestibule Sleeper which runs through, via Cincinnati, Washington & Baltimore and Baltimore & Ohio Railroads, to Washington, arriving there at 1:52 p. m. and Baltimore at 2:55 p. m. next day. Thus forming, by far, the shortest and quickest through car line between these cities.

The C., H. & D. offers special round trip rates and unequated accommodations to those desiring to attend the inauguration of General Harrison. For further information, sleeping car space and tickets, please call on or address W. H. Fisher, Gen'l Agt. Cor. Illinois St. and Kentucky ave., Indianapolis, or D. R. Donough, Agt. Union Station.

Miss Margueretta Cameron, daughter of Senator Cameron, will be married in the spring to Mr. Clark, son of the opulent thread manufacturer of Newark.

Idleness Is a Dangerous Fault

In the kidneys. When inactive they speedily fall into disrepair. Those obstinate and fatal maladies, Bright's disease and diabetes, ensue with terrible certainty upon the inaction of the organ's affected. Catarrh of the bladder, enuresis, gravel and strangury are also to be apprehended from a partial paralysis of the bladder, of which weakness and sluggishness are the causes. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a fine tonic and promoter of activity for the renal organs, and one which can be relied upon to afford them the repuisite stimulus without exciting them—an effect to be feared from the unmedicated alcoholic excitant of commerce. A further beneficent effect of the Bitters, by renewing activity of the kidneys, is to enable them to drain from the blood in its passage through them, impurities productive of rheumatism and dropsy. Nervousness fever and ague, constipation and dyspepsia are conquered by the Bitters.

Raining cats and dogs is surely no worse than hailing strangers.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do are ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

A survivor of the famous "Light Brigade" is now a plumber in Indianapolis. He still knows how to charge.

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that any druggist is authorized by the proprietor of this wonderful remedy to give you a sample bottle free. All druggists sell Kemp's Balsam. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.

—Extract or Malt is the greatest flesh producer known to the Medical profession. MAGEE'S EMULSION is a happy combination of Malt, Oil and Lime and is without a rival as a remedy. Try it.

The highest form of vegetable life is found on mountain tops.

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To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in the virtues of this medicine that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O. and Express address. My remedy has cured thousands of hopeless cases.

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Half a Million Strangers.

Between four and five hundred thousand people are expected in Washington for the inauguration ceremonies, and the inaugural Committee on Public Comfort, in view of arrangements already made, announces that it can accommodate them all. The Pennsylvania Lines for this occasion will place in service their entire equipment, running through cars from all principal points, and rules have been adopted that will ensure their prompt, safe and satisfactory movement. The sidetracks and yards at Washington will be kept clear in order that trains may be run in and out on schedule time. For full information regarding the cheap excursion rates and other matters apply to the nearest passenger or ticket agent of the Pennsylvania lines.

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ADORED.

Beautiful woman, from whence came thy bloom,
Thy beaming eye, thy features fair?
What kindly hand on thee was laid—
Endowing thee with beauty rare?

"'Twas not ever thus," the dame replied.
"Once pale this face, these features bold,
The 'Favorite Prescription' of Dr. Pierce
Wrought the wonderous change which you behold."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to **woman's** delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and **perfectly** harmless in any condition of the system.

As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. **For** overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

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SALZER'S EXTRA GRASS MIXTURE for pasture or meadow, for rich, dry soils, per bushel, $2.00; per 100 lbs., $

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Children suffering from these destructible parasytes can't be relieved by so-called worm lozenges which only tickle the palate. The time-tried tested cure is B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge. As you value the life of your child don't wait until spasms and incurable sickness seizes them, but get this wonderful remedy at once. It never fails.

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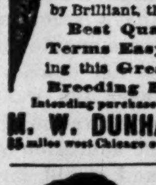

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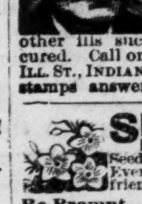

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I N U 8—89 INDPLS

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THE FREEMAN.

EDWARD E. COOPER, Proprietor.

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

The publisher of The Freeman has just made arrangement with Mr. Wm. Still, of Philadelphia, author and publisher of "The Underground Railroad," to use some of the illustrations of that valuable book in this paper from time to time. "The Underground Railroad" is really a history of Negro slavery in America, and no one can fully know the history of the race without a careful perusal of this book. It is sold for $4, and can be ordered through The Freeman. It is handsomely bound, contains a portrait of the author, and has eight hundred pages. The illustrations of this issue represent twenty-eight fugitives escaping from the eastern shore of Maryland. tf

It is prophesied by many that the outcome of the scramble for the Recordership of Deeds of the District of Columbia will be that a white man will receive the appointment. Well, what if that should be the case? Why should a colored man be appointed to that place any more than a white man? Have we a mortgage on all places that have been once filled by a Negro? We must get out of this notion. As citizens it is our right to aspire for any position within the gift of the government, and we should not limit ourselves to a few one-horse offices that some colored men have happened to hold. We admire the courage of a number of our prominent men who are leaving this tradition behind them and are seeking new fields. There is no better time to impress the idea than right now. It matters not a particle whether a white or colored man is chosen as Recorder of Deeds. The vital point is that color should be no barrier to office-holding if the applicant possesses all the other requisites.

We repeat that wholesale emigration of colored people from the south will do little or no good in the long run. The Southern States are the Negro's natural home, and there he should work out his destiny. He is necessary to the upbuilding of the New South; "intelligence and wealth, for no other race understands so well the fine points in relation to the soil, climatic influences, and traits of individul character." He is a part of the vital existence of the South. Aside from this, there is another aspect to the question. This government cannot afford to confess that a large proportion of her lawful subjects are unable to live in certain portions of her domain because of personal danger and want of legal protection. The migration of the Negro would be a tacit admission of the nation's weakness, and would forever seal the question with a stamp of obloquy. The matter should be worked out on the present ground. If this cannot be done in course of time and by the aid of a constantly advancing civilization, we might as well pronounce our demo-republican form of government a failure, and abandon the system.

HARRISON'S CIVIL SERVICE IDEA.

Those who profess to know most about General Harrison's position on the civil service question assert with considerable confidence that he will uphold it as the corner stone of his administration. He regards it as one of the leading ideas of the Republican party. If Mr. Harrison is the man we take him for, cool, sagacious and well-poised, he proposes to move very slowly in the matter of removals from the classified service and no wholesale cleaning out will be permitted. Any other policy would convict the party of hypocracy and demonstrate insincerity by their strictures upon the opposite party for apparent violations of the civil code. Such a course may disappoint and alienate the more rabid elements of the Republican party, but an honest adherence to the statutes will do more to rob the political machine of its ruinous power and purify our nation from the poisonous influence of the spoils system than anything we can think of. A president who rules in the interest of the masses rather than for the benefit of a few chronic self seekers and place hunters, comes very near being a statesman.

THE TRUE AMERICAN IDEA.

The Detroit Plaindealer is a bright and readable journal, but it needs a few impressive lessons on Americanism. It intimates that because a Republican received a majority of the electoral votes last November, that this fact deeds to that party in fee simple to have and to hold for their heirs, assigns and dependents, all the offices and appurtenances thereof; and further, that no one, however good a citizen he may be, he has no right to utter an opinion or offer a suggestion concerning the disposal of said property. To do so is to commit an unpardonable breach of "propriety," or as another exchange puts it, "exhibit an awful array of brazen impudence." According to this theory then, all persons not identified with the winning party have no voice in the management of public affairs. They cease in spirit to be American citizens. They are merely "lookers on in Venice." Isn't this ridiculous? It is the madness of partyism that is destroying patriotism and national sentiment. The offices of this government belong to the people, to be held in trust by whomsover they may elect, the trustees to be answerable to them for the honest and efficient management of their affairs. The people are greater than the offices or the holders thereof, for the latter are but creatures of the former. Every citizen has a voice in all public policies and political or religious proclivities, race, color or condition have no bearing in the case except as to the actual execution of official duty. This is the true American idea. In the mad rush for spoils, our leading journalists must not forget decency. There can be such a thing as gentlemanliness even in politics. If we must be ardent partisans, let us first be American citizens, living as brethren of one flesh under the protection of one great sheltering arm. Let us not forget that we are all colored people bound together by a common birth-mark, and that a peculiar force of circumstances make it imperative that we avoid a dangerous and wasting internal conflict. We must learn that an honest difference of opinion upon governmental economics does not necessarily dissociate persons from their race interests and that no "propriety is violated when we see fit to express our opinion upon our public business. We stand boldy "for God, our race and native land."

The "race problem" will take care of itself if the authorities will see to it that every citizen is protected in the enjoyment of his constitutional rights.

In order to increase the circulation of The Freeman more rapidly, and at the same time furnish amusement to our readers, we had our artist prepare a Freeman Rebus, which appears in another column. It is easy of solution and we trust every reader of this paper will make one effort to read it. It costs but 50c for a trial, and should you solve it you get $2.50 in gold. Should you fail you get two months' subscription to The Freeman anyway. You have everything to gain and nothing to loose. Send in your solutions at once.

We do not need to look South for crimes against our race. In the most highly civilized regions of the "culchared" East. and in the reputed Christian North outrages are daily committed against the rights and privileges of the Negro. The "Northern problem" differs from the Southern only in species of manifestation, not in organic principle. The true solution of the whole trouble is to have no northern or southern problem perse, but a grand national problem which contemplates the equal and exact enforcement of the letter and spirit of our constitution.

The colored citizens of Philadelphia have the proper idea of race protection. They have organized a league known as the Civil Rights Association and will give their attention to outrages against our people. It is when we stand together for a common cause and impress our manhood and intelligence upon the Nation that they will learn to accord us deference and respect. These organizations should be formed in every State where discriminations exist—and very few would be excepted—and firmly insist upon justice and equality before the law. A National Civil Rights' League for race defense is the need of the hour.

Mr. Hemphill, a Southern Democrat, in the Smalls-Elliott debate asked very pertinently "if the colored man was so dear to the North, why did not some of the Northern States elect a colored man to Congress, and make a living example of his fitness to make laws for the people of the United States." Is it a fact that no Northern colored men have ambition enough to aspire to a seat in Congress or is it possible that Northern white people expect more of the Southern people than they themselves are willing to grant? This is a good question to meditate upon—when you come to think of it.

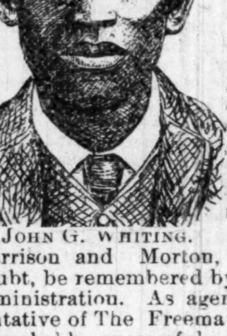
The seating of Elliott as a member of Congress from South Carolina was not a triumph of justice It was the much abused exercise of power. This power will be abused by both parties until a better method is adopted for deciding contested elections. In an ordinary case in court no person who is directly interested in the result can act as judge or juror. Partisan majorities are not competent jurymen even if they are voters. The same principle should govern election contests as in court cases in the interest of simple equity. Robert Smalls is not a brilliant man but his people cast enough votes for him to entitle him to represent them in the present Congress He should have been given his seat.

A very spirited discussion is being carried on among the leading officials of the A. M. E. church concerning the condition of their organization. As far as we are able to know the tendency of the great Methodist Church is forward instead of backward. There seems to be a steady substantial growth, rather than decay. Because a pastor here is unfit for ministerial duty, or a church there is grossly mismanaged, is no indication of the general disintegration of the massive body. An institution that can boast of the wisdom of a Payne, the scholarship of a Tanner, the sterling integ ity of a Wayman, the executive ability of a Gains, the aggressiveness of a Coppin, to say nothing of the many other brilliant men within its borders, is in no danger of dissolution.

TWO PROMISING YOUNG MEN

John G. Whiting and R. D. Harrison of Fort Smith, Ark.

We present to our readers in this issue of The Freeman the portraits and sketches of some of our young men. While we honor sages, still we must pay some attention to our young men. for the boys of to-day are the men of to-morrow. John G. Whiting is well known at Ft. Smith as the "boy orator." Though still under twenty, he has made political speeches, edited the People's Protector, and contributed to the white press of Arkansas. He was enthusiastic for Harrison and Morton, and will, no doubt, be remembered by the incoming administration. As agent and representative of The Freeman he has been remarkably successful, and we count him as one of our best workers.



JOHN G. WHITING.

R. D. Harrison was born in Fort Smith, in 1867, snd has lived there ever since. He has a fair education which he obtained by attending night schools and "catching as catch can." When but twenty he was successfully operating a grocery of his own, and, but for an unfortunate fire would have had a mammoth business by this time.

R. D. HARRISON.

In 1887, he took a reponsible position in the National Bank of Arkansas a place he now holds. He is an artist of acknowledged ability and boasts of once being a pupil of Rev. J. W. Simmons, of Louisville, Ky., and author of "Men of Mark."

BURT T. WILSON.

A young man who has won laurels for himself and race is Burtrust T. Wilson, of Galesburg, Ill. He is the son of B. F. and Mary C. Wilson. and was born in 1868. At the age of ten he entered school in his native city and graduated from the Galesburg High School in '87 finishing an eleven year course, in eight years. Through the kindness of Rev. E. L. Conger, a benevolent white gentleman, he was enable to continue his education, immediately entering Lombard University, where he is now finishing his junior year. Mr. Wilson a few weeks ago was awarded the first prize in oratory, an unprecedented feat for a colored boy in a white institution in this country. Possessing a natural aptitude for music, he has devoted much of his spare time to the art without the aid of a teacher, has become so proficient upon the clarionet, guitar, mandolin and zither that he is able to pay his college expenses by giving instruction upon these instruments. Mr. Wilson intends to remain at Lombard until he finishes the classical course after which he will enter actively upon the duties of life. He has been fortunate throughout his school life in possessing all the encouragement which loving and devoted parents give. He is not twenty, and the brightest part of his career is yet before him. He has a heart full of race pride and a soul stirred with manly courage. An adherence to the habits of system industry and moral worth, which have made him a noble representative of young Negro manhood, the brilliant possibilities awaiting him are beyond estimation.

WOMEN AS JOURNALISTS.

Portraits and Sketches of a Few of the Women Journalists of the Race.

The Negro woman's history is marvelously strange and pathetic. Unlike that of other races, her mental, moral and physical status has not found a place in the archives of public libraries. From the womb of the future must come that poet or author to glorify her womanhood by idealizing the various phases of her character, by digging from the past, examples of faithfulness and sympathy, endurance and self-sacrifice and displaying the achievments which were brightened by friction. Born and and bred under both the hindrances of slavery and the limitations of her sex, the mothers of the race have kept pace with the fathers. They stand at the head of the cultured, educated families whose daughters clasp arms with the sons. The educated Negro woman occupies vantage ground over the Caucasian woman of America, in that the former has had to contest with her brother every inch of the ground for recognition, the Negro man, having had his sister by his side on plantations and in rice swamps, keeps her there, now that he moves in other spheres. As she wins laurels he accords her the royal crown. This is especially true in journalism. Doors are opened before we knock, and as well equipped young women emerge from the class-room the brotherhood of the race, men whose energies have been repressed and distorted by the interposition of circumstances, give them opportunities to prove themselves; and right well are they doing this by voice and pen. On matters pertaining to women and the race there is no better author among our female writers than

Mrs. N. F. Mossell.

Her style is clear, compact and convincing. Seven years teaching in Camden, N. J. and Philadelphia, her present home, and the solid reading matter, viz.: The Bible, "Paradise Lost," The Atlantic Monthly and The Public Ledger, which was her daily food while under her father's roof. gave her a deep insight into human nature, and the clear mode of expression which makes her articles so valuable to the press. Her career as a writer began many years ago, when Bishop Tanner—then editor of The Christian Recorder—was attracted by an essay on "Influence" which he requested for publication. Short stories followed, and from then to the present, she has been engaged constantly on race journals. "The Woman's Department" of the New York Freeman was edited by her with much tact and The Philadelphian Echo is always more readable when containing something from her pen. For three years she has been employed on the Philadelphia Times, The Independent and Philadelphia Press Republican, following the particular lines of race literature and the "Woman's Question." Mrs. Mossell's experience in journalism is that editors are among the most patient of men; that the rejection of an article by no means proves that it is a failure; that sex is no bar to any line of literary work; that by speaking for themselves women can give the truth about themselves and thereby inspire the confidence of the people. Besides newspaper work her home life is a busy one, assisting her husband, a prominent physician of Philadelphia, whose own literary life has been an incentive to her. Spare moments are given to the completion of a book, on a race question, which will soon be launched on the current thought and society.

Mrs. Lucretia Newman Coleman

is a writer of rare ability. Discriminating and scholarly, she possesses to a high degree the poetic temperament and has acquired great facility in verse. Her last poem, "Lucille of Montana," ran through several numbers of the magazine Our Women and Children, and is full of ardor, eloquence and noble thought. Mrs. Coleman has contributed special scientific articles to the A. M. E. Review and other journals, which were rich in minute comparisons, philosophic terms and scientific principles. She is a writer more for scholars than for the people. A novel entitled "Poor Ben," which is the epitome of the life of a prominent A. M. E. Bishop, is pronounced an excellent production. Mrs. Coleman is an accomplished woman and well prepared for a literary life. She was born in Dresden, Ontario. went with her missionary father to the West Indies where he labored a number of years, thence to Cincinnati, O., where he was pastor of a church, and after his death she went with her mother to Appleton, Wisconsin, to take advantage of the educational facilities. After graduating from the scientific course of Lawrence University she devoted her time to literary pursuits, and now ranks with the most painstaking writers.

Miss Ida B. Wells, (Iola),

has been called the "Princess of the Press," and she has well earned the title. No writer, the male fraternity not excepted, has been more extensively quoted; none have struck harder blows at the wrongs and weakness of the race. T. T. Fortune (probably the "Prince" of the Negro press) wrote after meeting her at the Democratic Conference at Indianapolis: "She has become famous as one of the few of our women who handle a goose-quill with diamond point as easily as any man in the newspaper work. If Iola was a man, she would be a humming independent in politics. She has plenty of nerve and is as sharp as a steel trap."

Miss Wells' readers are equally divided between the sexes. She reaches the men by dealing with the political aspect of the race question, and the women, she meets around the fireside. She is an inspiration to the young writers and her success has lent an impetus to their ambition. When the National Press Convention, of which she was Assistant Secretary, met in Louisville she read a splendidly written paper on "Women in Journalism; or How I Would Edit." By the way, it is her ambition to edit a paper. She believes that there is no agency so potent as the press in reaching and elevating a people. Her contributions are distributed among the leading race journals. She made her debut with the Living Way, Memphis, Tenn., and has since written for the New York Age, Detroit Plaindealer, Indianapolis World, Gate City Press, Mo. Little Rock Sun, American Baptist, Ky., Memphis Watchman, Chattanooga Justice, Christian Index and Fisk University Herald, Tenn. Our Women and Children Magazine, Ky., and the Memphis papers, weeklies and dailies. Miss Wells has attained much success as teacher in the public schools of the last named place.

Mrs. W. E. Mathews (Victoria Earle).

Ten years ago "Victoria Earle" began taking advantage of opportunities offered for acting as "sub" for reporters employed by many of the great dailies. She has reported for the New York Times, Herald, Mail and Express, Sunday Mercury, The Earth, The Phonograpic World, and is now New York correspondent to the National Leader, D. C., The Detroit Plaindealer, and the Southern Christian Recorder. Under various nom de plume she has written for the Boston Advocate, Washington Bee, Richmond Planet, Catholic Tribune, Cleveland Gazette, New York Age, New York Globe, and the New York Enterprise, besides editing three special departments. Reportorial work is her forte, yet her success in story writing has been great. She contributes to the story department of Waverly Magazine, The New York Weekly and Family Story Paper. "Victoria Earle" has written much; her dialect tid-bits for the Associated Press are much in demand. She has ready several stories which will appear in one volume, and is also preparing a series of historical text books which will aim to develop a racs pride in our youth. She is member of the Women's National Press Association and no writer of the race is kept busier.

Miss Mary V. Cook, (Grace Ermine).

Whatever honors have come to Miss Cook are the results of persevering industry. She has edited the Woman's Department in the Tribune, S. C., the Woman's Department of the American Baptist, Ky., and the Educational Department of Our Women and Children in such a manner as to attract much attention to them. Her writings are lucid and logical and of such a character as will stand the test of time. Aside from journalistic work her life is a busy one. She has appeared on the platform of several national gatherings and her papers for research, elegance of diction and sound reasoning were superior. She holds the professorship of Latin in the State University, her Alma Mater, yet, however great her mental ability, it is overmatched by her character. Her life is the crrystalization of womanly qualities. She moves her associates by a mighty power of sympathy which permeates her writings. She is a good news gatherer and is much quoted, is a native of Bowling Green, Ky., where her mother, a generous hearted woman who sympathizes with her aspirations, still lives, Miss Cook is interested in all questions which affect the race.

Lillian Alberta Lewis (Bert Islew).

Those who know much about the newspapers of the race, know something of Bert Islew's Budget of Gossip in the spicy "They say Column" of The Boston advocate. Bright, witty, sparkling, one would not think Bert Islew's career antedates only three years and that she was barely twenty when she caught the public ear. The early atmosphere she breathed may have developed a public spiritedness. Was born in the home of Hon. Lewis Hayden, that good man whose name is closely associated with the Crispus Attuck monument. When but thirteen years old and in the graduating class of the Bowdin Grammar school she entered a prize essay contest and carried off the third prize, although the other contestants were older High School pupils and graduates. This fired her ambition, and soon after graduation she wrote a novel entitled, "Idalene Van Therese," which, for lack of means, is unpublished. Then came her successful career with The Advocate. In addition to her newspaper work, she has for several years been the private stenographer and secretary to the widely known Max Eliot, of the Boston Herald. This position calls for proficiency, and Bert Islew's record for taking down copy verbatim is among the highest in New England. Then, too, her position in the Herald office calls for special articles and reportorial work, which she does creditably. She is recognized in all circles for her ability, and works side by side with editors and reporters without an iota of distinction being made.

Mrs. Amelia E. Johnson.

In the mild countenance of Mrs. Amelia Johnson can be read the love and tenderness for children which was demonstrated last year by the publication of the Ivy, an eight-page journal devoted especially to the interests of our youth. It was a good paper filled with original stories and poems and information concerning the doings of the race. Mrs. Johnson is keen, imaginative and critical, story writing is her forte It is a part of her nature to weave her thoughts into pleasing imagery. Even when a child she would follow the scratches on her desk with a pencil and tell wonderful stories of them to her seatmate. She has written many of them at different times and is now engaged in writing a story book to be used in Sunday-school libraries. Many short stories from her pen find snug resting places in corners of weeklies. There is a vein of wit and humor in her sayings—a pith and transparency which makes her articles extremely readable. Of all the writers before the public none of them possess in a higher degree the elements of a skillful critic. She has contributed to the Baptist Messenger, Md., The American Baptist, Ky., and Our Women and Children Magazine. Mrs. Johnson was educated in Canada—taking a thorough French course—and has taught both French and English branches in Baltimore, her present home.

Miss Mary E. Britton, (Meb.)

To the ready pen of Miss Marry E. Britton, (Meb.) is due many of the reformatory measures which have given the race equal facilities on railroads in Kentucky. The energy and resolute vim of her character is traced in her writings, especially when advocating woman's suffrage and the same moral standard for both sexes. She has studied language from the standard English and American authors and her diction is remarkably chaste. Miss Britton was editor of the "Women's Column" of the Lexington Herald, contributes special articles to the Courant—the Kentucky educational journal—the Cleveland Gazette, the American Catholic Tribune, the Indianapolis World and Our Women and Children Magazine. Her own ambition to excel prompts her to inspire others and nearly all her articles have this savor and was exhibited in those written for The Ivy, the children's paper. The local papers of Lexington, Ky., her home, and the Cincinnati Commercial have published and commented on her articles.

Miss Ione E. Wood.

There is a dash of freshness, a breeziness in Miss Wood's writings, a clear, decided ring which will yet be heard in louder tones. She has pronounced views on total abstinence and is an enthusiastic member of the Woman's National Suffrage Association. She contributed several stories to The Ivy and now edits the Temperance Department of Our Women and Children magazine. Miss Wood will make a clever reporter. She is now tutor in Greek in the Kentucky State University.

Miss Kate D. Chapman

sends from her faraway Dakota home, spritely poems and other contributions to racial journals. She is only eighteen, but the public is becoming familiar with her bright thoughts and unique expressions. She has read much and will write much. Her contributions have appeared principally in The Christian Recorder and Our Women and Children. Her ambition was stirred when but five years old by receiving a book as reward for committing a poem. She will devote her talent to juvenile literature.

Occassional Contributors.—Among those who do special work and contribute valuable article to weeklies and monthlies are Mesdames Francis E. W. Harper and L. F. Grimke, Philadelphia, Cora C. Calhoun, former editor of the Woman's Department in the Chattanooga Justice; Olive B. Clanton, New Orleans; Lavinia E. Sneed, Ky.; Josephine Turpin Washington, Selma; Misses Georgia M. DeBaptiste, Ill.; Julia K. Mason, D. C.; Alice Henderson, Ark., and Meta Pelham, one of the essentials on the Plaindealer staff.

Editors.—The Western Herald was edited by Mrs. Amos Johnson, Keokuk, Ia; The Lancet, by Miss Carrie Bragg, Petersburg, Va.; The Musical Messenger, by Miss Amelia L. Tighlman, Montgomery, Ala.; The St. Matthew's Lyceum, by Mrs. M. E. Lambert, Detroit, Mich.; The Ivy, by Mrs. A. E. Johnson, Baltimore, Md.; and Miss A. E. McEwen is Assistant Editor of the Herald, Montgomery, Ala.

This article includes only a few of our writers. When we remember the very difficult circumstances of the past, the trials and discomforts of the present, we are indeed cheered with the prospects. In the busy hum of life it is difficult to make one's way to the front. and this is true of all races, hence, we are not at all discouraged since our sisters have had the pen of the land. When the edge of prejudice shall have become rusted and worn out, the Negro woman shall be heard most potently in the realm of thought; till then we shall strive.

Lucy Wilmot Smith
In the Journalist.

MISS IONE E. WOOD,
Of Louisville, Ky.

LELLIAN ALBERTA LOUIS, (Bert Islew),
Of Boston, Mass.

MISS KATIE D. CHAPMAN,
Of Dakota, Terr.

VILLONA EAGLE (Mrs. W. E. Matthews),
Of New York.

HON. ALFRED FAIRFAX,
The First Colored Member of the Kansas Legislat

REV. S. D. RUSSELL,
Editor of the Torchlight Appeal.

FREDERICK D. PARKER,
Of St. Paul, Minnesota.

MISS MARY E. BRITTON (Meb),
Of Lexington, Ky.

MRS. N. F MOSSELL.

MISS IDA B. WELLS (Iola),
Of Memphis, Tenn.

TWENTY-EIGHT FUGITIVES ESCAPING FROM THE EASTERN SHORE OF MARYLAND.

MRS. AMELIA E. JOHNSON,
Of Baltimore, Md.

MRS. LUCRETIA NEWMAN COLEMAN.

BURT T. WILSON,
Student, Musician, and Orator of Galesburgh, Illinois.

PROF. MARY V. COOK (Grace Ermine),
Of Louisville, Ky.

MISS LUCY W. SMITH,
Of Louisville, Ky.

CHRIS. J. PERRY,
Editor of the Weekly Tribune, of Philadelphia

FREDERICK D. PARKER.
Of Minnesota.

Frederick Douglass Parker was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1855. While he was a boy, his parents removed to Washington, D. C., where they placed him in Howard University at which institution he was educated. His father being a traveler and a man who was conversant with all the great political questions of the stirring times from which evolved the great civil war, naturally the son was early interested in political matters. The prominent part taken by his parents in the underground railway, the earnest conversations of the leading spirits of of those times who were frequent guests of his parents, all of these early influence combined to implant in his young mind and heart tenderness which in maturer years have developed him into one of the most energetic, bold, and restless champions of his race. During the Hayes and Wheeler campaign, though barely 21 years of age, he actively engaged in the canvass, among other things organizing the first colored political club ever formed at Saratoga, N. Y. Hon. J. M. Langston was called upon to address a meeting under the auspices of said club, and frequently since then has referred to it as one of the largest, most enthusiastic and best managed efforts of those times. In the congressional campaign of Levi P. Morton in 1876, Mr. Parker again distinguished himself. His desire to help in the elevation of his race caused him to serve as teacher in several southern states where he organized schools and left them prosperous in spite of the terrible opposition that menaced his endeavors but space will not permit us to follow in detail his early career, suffice it to say that each year of his life since he became of age is signalized by prominent achivements in the behelf of his race. In 1883 while at New Orlean he was married, during this year he settled at St. Paul, Minn., where he became editor of the Western Appeal. His political services and personal prominence soon won him an importani clerkship at the office of the register of Deeds, which position he has ever since held with honor. He was the first of his race to be thus recognized, and is perhaps the only Negro in the West at present holding such a position. His personal success has only served to intensify his interest and double his efforts for his people.

He is at present the President of the Minnesota Protective and Industrial Bureau. However, his duties and labor as a public man have not interferred with his large social tendencies.

He was a leading spirit in the organization of the Odd Fellows of the State, and is P. N. F. of the lodge at St. Paul.

He was converted in 1881 and united with the Presbyterian Church under Rev. F. Grimke, since residing in St. Paul he has been a member of St. James A. M. E. Church of which he is at present a trustee. The high esteem in which he is held in his State is indicated by the fact that his application for the Haytian Councilship is indorsed by the entire corps of State officials including the governor, as well as by a large number of the most prominent colored citizens. He will perhaps have the strongest and most unanimous endorsement of any applicant for this position. His education and general ability as well as personal fitness render him a formidable competitor for the honors which he could bear so worthily.

ALFRED FAIRFAX.

Hon. Alfred Fairfax, the member of Kansas legislature, representing Chatauqua county is the first colored man ever elected to such a position in the State. He is a native of London county Virginia where he was born in 1840. He was the property of Gen. George Russ. His expansive nature could not brook the restriction of slavery and after considerable trouble in 1862. He organized a band of fellow bondsmen and fled to the Union army then at Grand Gulf on the Mississppi river. Here Mr. Fairfax received the foundation of his education from a friendly orderly sergeant. He returned to his old home in Louisiana after the war and farmed on the shares, devoting his spare time to study, picking up knowledge in every possible way. He was 22 years old before he began to learn his letters, and has never attended school a day in his life. Possessed of a good memory, a strong master mind, he has made himself what he is.

In 1870, Mr. Fairfax was elected Parish commissioner and afterwards was educational commissioner and assistant appraiser at New Orleans and in 1867 was nominated by the Republicans of his parish for congress. Riots and outrages made it neccessary for the candidates and his friends to take to the swamps and remain in hiding during the exciting periods. He was elected, but counted out by the revolutionistic returning boards. He determined to go to Kansas. In 1880 he headed an exodus of 200 families and located in southern Kansas, principaliy in Chautauqua county where he began cotton growing and sent a bale of cotton to the exposi tion in New Orleans which took the premium for upland cotton. He no owns a farm and cotton gin in Chatautauqua county, and is the pastor in charge of the New Hope Baptist church of Pasons, Kan. Was for years presi dent of the Baptist convention of La., and has been Moderator of the Baptist Association of Kansas for three years and which place he now holds.

As a legislator Mr. Fairfax is an observant member and is never absent from his seat. He is the author of several bills, chief among which is one to mix the schools of the State. This bill he has succeeded in getting through much to the gratification of his constituents. He is chairman of the committee on immigration and of a special committee on sorghum sugar; also a member of the committee on Federal relations and enrolled bills. His demeanor is such that wins respect from his colleagues;

REV S D RUSSELL.

This eminent young divine and editor was born in Natchez, Miss., August 3rd 1862 of pious and religious parents. He received his early education in the city grade school, and was converted and joined the African Methodist church in in 1880. In the same year he went to Louisiana on a lecturing tour and met with great success. Encouraged and pushed by Dr. J. R. V. Thomas he concluded to devote his life to the ministry.

He received local license to preach in 1882 and in the succeeding years ably filled several very important ministerial posts and taught school in connection with his pastorial duties. He is now pastor of Allen Temple A. M. E. church at Fort Worth Texas and is also the editor and publisher of "The Torchlight Appeal" the only weekly religious paper in Texas. He owns his printing office and keeps two young persons employed all the time.

As an author Mr. Russell is destined to make his mark. His treaties on "Infant Baptism" and lecture "Why the Negro is Black" are able productions. He stands well as a lecturer and fearless editor. Though he has never sought honors nor incomiums; his motto is "Find a way or make one." He is a scholar of high rank being quite proficient in mathematics and Latin, besides a thorough theological education.

CHRISTOPHER J. PERRY.

Christopher James Perry, was born in Baltimore, Md., of free parents, Sept., 11, 1854, and attended school in that city, learning but little aside from the education provided for colored children. Going to Philadelphia when quite a young man, he soon learned the value of an education and applied himself assiduously to the acquirement of knowledge. Mr. Perry being thrown altogether upon his own resources, attended night school, working during the day. He supplemented his studies at night school by reading carefully every valuable book he could find often persuing volumns in the libraries of private houses where he was employed.

As early as 1867 he began writing for newspapers. So newsy and pleasing was his style that men of prominence complemented his letters very highly.

About November 1881 he began writing for a northern daily and afterwards conducted the colored department in the Sunday Mirror. So popular did his writing become that he concluded to launch a paper of his own. This was The Weekly Tribune which, under his guidance has become one of the leading Negro journals of the country. It is a staunch advocate of the rights of the colored man, and is a credit to Editor Perry's managerial skill.

THE FREEMAN'S "LEND ME A HAND" DEPARTMENT.

Beginning the first of March, Mrs. N. F. Mossell, of Philadelphia, who conducted Woman's column in the New York Freeman, and who is one of the ablest and best known of our literary women, will conduct and control a department in this paper. Her plan is novel and original and is one of the many new features which will constantly be added to The Freeman.

ATTENTION.

Owing to the heavy expense which attaches to the publication of The Freeman, we will not in the future publish extended biographical sketches unless special arrangements are made for the same. One quarter of a column is all we can afford to give with cuts. Sketches containing more matter must be paid for. tf.

TO AGENTS.

Agents for The Freeman must report regularly each week, stating plainly just how many copies they want. We have now nearly 500 active agents, most of whom are rapidly increasing their orders Write often and plainly.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

TWALA THE KING.

We stood and watched the lovely sight, whilst the stars grew pale before this chastened majesty, and felt our hearts lifted up in the presence of a beauty we could not realize, much less describe. Mine has been a rough life, but there are a few things I am thankful to have lived for, and one of them is to have seen that moon rise over Kukuanaland. Presently our meditations were broken in upon by our polite friend Infadoos.

"If my lords are ready we will journey on to Loo, where a hut is made ready for my lords to-night. The moon is now bright, so that we shall not fall on the way."

We assented, and in an hour's time were at the outskirts of the town, of which the extent, mapped out as it was by thousands of camp fires, appeared absolutely endless. Indeed, Good, who was always fond of a bad joke, christened it "Unlimited Loo." Presently we came to a moat with a draw-bridge, where we were met by the rattle of arms and the hoarse challenge of a sentry. Infadoos gave some password that I could not catch, which was met with a salute, and we passed on through the street of the great grass city. After nearly an hour's tramp, past endless lines of huts, Infadoos at last halted at the gate of a little group of huts which surrounded a small court-yard of powdered limestone, and informed us that these were to be our "poor" quarters.

We entered, and found that a hut had been assigned to each of us. These huts were superior to any which we had seen, and in each was a most comfortable bed made of tanned skins spread upon mattresses of aromatic grass. Food too was ready for us, and as soon as we had washed ourselves with water, which stood ready in earthenware jars, some young women of handsome appearance brought us roasted meat and mealie cobs daintily served on wooden platters, and presented it to us with deep obeisances.

We eat and drank, and then the beds having by our request been all moved into one hut, a precaution at which the amiable young ladies smiled, we flung ourselves down to sleep, thoroughly wearied out with our long journey.

When we woke, it was to find that the sun was high in the heavens, and that the female attendants, who did not seem to be troubled by any false shame, were already standing inside the hut, having been ordered to attend and help us to "make ready."

"Make ready, indeed," growled Good, "when one has only a flannel shirt and a pair of boots, that does not take long. I wish you would ask them for my trousers."

I asked accordingly, but was informed that these sacred relics had already been taken to the king, who would see us in the forenoon.

Having, somewhat to their astonishment and disappointment, requested the young ladies to step outside, we proceeded to make the best toilet that the circumstances admitted of. Good even went to the length of again shaving the right side of his face; the left, on which now appeared a very fair crop of whiskers, we impressed upon him he must on no account touch. As for ourselves, we were contented with a good wash and combing our hair. Sir Henry's yellow locks were now almost down to his shoulders, and he looked more like an ancient Dane than ever, while my grizzled scrub was fully an inch long, instead of half an inch, which in a general way I considered my maximum length.

By the time that we had eaten our breakfasts and smoked a pipe, a message was brought to us by no less a personage than Infadoos himself that Twala, the king, was ready to see us, if we would be pleased to come.

We remarked in reply that we should prefer to wait till the sun was a little higher, we were yet weary from our journey, etc, etc. It was always well, when dealing with uncivilized people, not to be in too great a hurry. They are apt to mistake politeness for awe or servility. So, although we were quite as anxious to see Twala as Twala could be to see us, we sat down and waited for an hour, employing the interval in preparing such presents as our slender stock of goods permitted—namely, the Winchester rifle which had been used by poor Ventvogel, and some beads. The rifle and ammunition we determined to present to his Royal Highness, and the beads were for his wives and courtiers. We had already given a few to Infadoos and Scragga, and found that they were delighted with them, never having seen anything like them before. At length we declared that we were ready, and guided by Infadoos, started off to the levee, Umbopa carrying the rifle and beads.

After walking a few hundred yards, we came to an inclosure, something like that which surrounded the huts that had been alotted to us, only fifty times as big. It could not have been less than six or seven acres in extent. All round the outside fence was a row of huts, which were the habitations of the king's wives. Exactly opposite the gate-way, on the further side of the open space, was a very large hut, which stood by itself, in which his majesty resided. All the rest was open ground; that is to say, it would have been open had it not been filled by comyany after company of warriors, who were mustered there to the number of seven or eight thousand. These men stood still as statues as we advanced through them, and it would be impossible to give an idea of the grandeur of the spectacle which they presented in their waving plumes, their glancing spears, and iron-backed ox-hide shields.

The space in front of the large hut was empty, but before it were placed several stools. On the three of these, at a sign from Infadoos, we seated ourselves, Umbopa standing behind us. As for Infadoos, he took up a position by the door of the hut. So we waited for ten minutes or more in the midst of a dead silence, but conscious that we were the object of the concentrated gaze of some eight thousand pairs of eyes. It was a somewhat trying ordeal, but we carried it off as best we could. At length the door of the hut opened, and a gigantic figure, with a splendid tiger-skin karros flung over its shoulders, stepped out, followed by the boy Scragga, and what appeared to us to be a withered-up monkey, wrapped in a fur cloak. The figure seated itself upon a stool, Scragga took his stand behind it, and the withered-up monkey crept on all fours into the shade of the hut and squatted down.

Still there was silence.

Then the gigantic figure slipped off the karross and stood up before us a truly alarming spectacle. It was that of an enormous man with the most entirely repulsive countenance we had ever beheld. The lips were as thick as a Negro's, the nose was flat, it had but one gleaming black eye (for the other was represented by a hollow in the face), and its whole expression was cruel and sensual to a degree. From the large head rose a magnificent plume of white ostrich feathers, the body was clad in a shirt of shining chain armor, whilst round the waist and right knee was the usual garnish of white ox tails. In the right hand was a huge spear. Round the neck was a thick torgue of gold, and bound on to the forhead was a single and enormous uncut diamond.

Still there was silence, but not for long. Presently the figure, whom we rightly guessed to be the king, raised the great spear in its hand. Instantly eight thousand spears were raised in answer, and from eight thousand throats rang out the royal salute of "Koom." Three times this was repeated, and each time the earth shook with the noise, that can only be compared to the deepest notes of thunder.

"Be humble, oh, people," piped out a thin voice which seemed to come from the monkey in the shade, "it is the king."

"It is the king," boomed out eight thousand throats in answew, "Be humble, oh, people, it is the king."

Then there was silence again—dead silence. Presently, however, it was broken. A soldier on our left dropped his shield, which fell with a clatter on the lime-stone floor.

Twala turned his one cold eye in the direction of the noise.

"Come hither, thou," he said, in a voice of thunder.

A fine young man stepped out of the ranks, and stood before him.

"It was thy shield that fell, thou awkward dog. Wilt thou make me a reproach in the eyes of strangers from the stars? What hast thou to say?"

And then we saw the poor fellow turn pale under his dusky skin.

"It was by chance, oh, calf of the black cow," he murmured.

"Then it is a chance for which thou must pay. Thou has made me foolish; prepare for death."

"I am the king's ox," was the low answer.

"Scragga," roared the king, "let me see how thou canst use thy spear. Kill me this awkward dog."

Scragga stepped forward with an ill-favored grin, and lifted his spear. The poor victim covered his eyes with his hand and stood still. As for us, we were petrified with horror.

"Once, twice," he waved the spear and then struck, oh, God! right home—he spear stood out a foot behind the soldier's back. He flung up his hands and dropped dead. From the multitude around rose something like a murmur, it rolled round and round, and died away. The tragedy was finished; there lay the corpse, and we had not yet realized that it had been enacted. Sir Henry sprung up and swore a great oath, then, overpowered by the sense of silence, sat down again.

"The thrust was a good one," said the king; "take him away."

Four men stepped out of ranks, and lifting the body of the murdered man carried it away.

"Cover up the blood-stains, cover them up," piped out the thin voice from the monkey-like figure, "the king's word is spoken, the king's doom is done."

Thereupon a girl came forward from behind the hut, bearing a jar filled with powdered lime, which she scattered over the red mark, blotting it from sight.

Sir Henry meanwhile was boiling with rage at what had happened; indeed it was with difficulty that we could keep him still.

"Sit down, for Heaven's sake," I whispered; "our lives depend on it."

He yielded and remained quiet.

Twala sat still until the traces of the tragedy had been removed, then addressed us.

"White people," he said, "who come hither, whence I know not, why I know not, greeting."

"Greeting Twala, King of the Kukuanas," I answered.

"White people, whence come ye and what seek ye?"

"We come from the stars, ask us not how. We come to see this land."

"Ye come from far to see a little thing. And that man with ye," pointing to Umbopa, "does he come from the stars?"

"Even so; there are people of thy color in the heavens above; but ask not of matters too high for thee, Twala, the king."

"Ye speak with a loud voice, people of the stars," Twala answered, in a tone which I scarcely liked. "Remember that the stars are far off, and ye are here. How if I make ye as him whom they bear away."

I laughed out loud, though there was little laughter in my heart.

"Oh, king," I said, "be careful, walk wearily over hot stones, lest thou shouldst burn thy feet; hold thy spear by the handle, lest thou shouldst cut thy hands. Touch but one hair of our heads, and destruction shall come upon thee. What, have not these," pointing to Infadoes and Scragga (who, young villain that he was, was employed in cleaning the blood of the soldier off his spear,) "told thee what manner of men we are? Hast thou ever seen the likes of us?" and I pointed to Good, feeling quite sure that he had never seen anybody before who looked in the least like him as he then appeared.

"It is true, I have not," said the king.

"Have they told thee how we strike with death from afar?" I went on.

"They have told me, but I believe them not. Let me see you kill. Kill me a man among those who stand yonder"—and he pointed to the opposite side of the kraal—"and I will believe."

"Nay," I answered; "we shed no blood of man except in just punishment; but if thou wilt see, bid thy servants drive in an ox through the kraal gates, and before he has run twenty paces I will strike him dead."

"Nay," laughed the king, "kill me a man, and I will believe."

"Good, oh, king, so be it," I answered, coolly, "do thou walk across the open space, and before thy feet reach the gate thou shalt be dead; or, if thou wilt not, send thy son Scragga" (whom at that moment it would have given me much pleasure to shoot).

On hearing this suggestion Scragga gave a sort of howl, and bolted into the hut.

Twala frowned majestically; the suggestion did not please him.

"Let a young ox be driven in," he said.

Two men at once departed, running swiftly.

"Now, Sir Henry," said I, "do you shoot. I want to show this ruffian that I am not the only magician of the party."

Sir Henry accordingly took the "express," and made ready.

"I hope I shall make a good shot," he groaned.

"You must," I answered. "If you miss with the first barrel let him have the second. Sight for 150 yards, and wait til the beast turns broadside on.

Then came a pause, till presently we caught sight of an ox running straight for the kraal gate. It came on through the gate, and then, catching sight of the vast concourse of people stopped stupidly, turned round, and bellowed.

"Now's your time," I whispered.

Up went the rifle.

Bang! thud! and the ox was kicking on his back, shot in the ribs. The semi-hollow bullet had done its work well, and a sigh of astonishment went up from the assembled thousands.

I turned coolly round—

"Have I lied, oh, king?"

"Nay, white man, it is a truth," was the somewhat awed answer.

"Listen, Twala, I went on. "Thou hast seen. Now know ye we come in peace, not in war. See here (and I held up the Winchester repeater), here is a hollow staff that shall enable you to kill even as we kill, only this charm I lay upon it: thou shalt kill no man with it. If thou liftest it against a man it shall kill thee. Stay, I will show thee. Bid a man step forty paces and place the shaft of a spear in the ground so that the flat blade looks toward us."

In a few seconds it was done.

"Now, see, I will break the spear."

Taking a careful sight, I fired. The bullet struck the flat of the spear, and broke the blade in fragments.

Again the sigh of astonishment went up.

"Now, Twala," (handing him the rifle) "this magic tube we give to thee, and by and by I will show thee how to use it, but beware how thou usest the magic of the stars against a man of earth," and I handed him the rifle. He took it very gingerly, and laid it down at his feet. As he did so I observed the wizened, monkey-like figure creeping up from the shadow of the hut. It crept on all fours, but when it reached the place where the king sat, it rose upon its feet, and throwing the furry covering off its face, revealed a most extraordinary and weird countenance. It was (apparently) that of a woman of great age, soshrunken that in size it was no larger than that of a year-old child, and was made up of a collection of deep yellow wrinkles. Set in the wrinkles was a sunken slit, that represented the mouth, beneath which the chin curved outward to a point. There was no nose to speak of; indeed, the whole countenance might have been taken for that of a sundried corpse had it not been for a pair of large black eyes, still full of fire and intelligence, which gleamed and played under the snow white eye brows and the projecting parchment-colored skull, like jewels in a charnel-house. As for the skull itself, it was perfectly bare, and yellow in hue.

The figure to whom this fearful countenance, which caused a shiver of fear to pass through us as we gazed on it, belonged, stood still for a moment, and then suddenly projected a skinny claw armed with nails nearly an inch long, and laid it on the shoulder of Twala, the king, and began to speak in a thin, piercing voice.

"Listen, O king! Listen, O people! Listen, O mountains and plains and rivers, home of the Kukuana race! Listen, O skies and sun, O rain and storm and mist! Listen, all things that live and must die! Listen, all dead things that must live to die again! Listen, the spirit of life is in me, and I prophesy. I prophesy! I prophesy!"

The words died away in a faint wail, and terror seemed to seize upon the hearts of all who heard them, including ourselves. The old woman was very terrible.

"Blood! blood! blood! rivers of blood; blood everywhere. I see it, I smell it, I taste it it is salt; it runs red upon the ground, it rains down from the skies.

"Footsteps! footsteps! footsteps! the tread of the white man coming from afar. It shakes the earth; the earth trembles before her master.

"Blood is good, the red blood is bright; there is no smell like the smell of new-shed blood. The lions shall lap it and roar, the vultures shall wash their wings in it, and shriek in joy.

"I am old! I am old! I have seen much blood, ha, ha! but I shall see more ere I die, and be merry. How old am I, think ye? Your fathers knew me, and their fathers knew me, and their fathers' fathers. I have seen the white man, and know his desires. I am old, but the mountains are older than I. Who made the great road, tell me? Who wrote in pictures on the rocks, tell me? Who reared up the three silent ones yonder, who gaze across the pit, tell me?" (And she pointed toward the three precipitous mountains we had noticed on the previous night.)

"Ye know not, but I know. It was a white people who were before ye are, who shall be when ye are not, who shall eat ye up, and destroy ye. Yea! yea! yea!

"And what came they for, the white ones, the terrible ones, the skilled in magic and all learning, the strong, the unswerving? What is that bright stone upon thy forehead, O king? Whose hands made the iron garments upon thy breast, O king? Ye know not, but I know, I the old one, I the wise one, I the Isanusi!" (witch doctress).

Then she turned her bald vulture-head toward us.

"What seek ye, white men of the stars—ah, yes, of the stars? Do ye seek a lost one? Ye shall not find him here. He is not here. Never for ages upon ages has a white foot pressed this land; never but once, and he left it but to die. Ye come for bright stones; ye shall find them when the blood is dry; but shall ye return whence ye came, or shall ye stop with me? Ha! ha! ha!

"And thou, thou with the dark skin and the proud bearing" (pointing her skinny finger at Umbopa), "who art thou, and what seekest thou? Not stones that shine, not yellow metal that gleams; that thou leavest to 'white men from the stars.' Methinks I know thee; methinks I can smell the smell of the blood in thy veins. Strip off the girdle—"

Here the features of this extraordinary creature became convulsed and she fell to the ground foaming in an epileptic fit, and was carried off into the hut.

The king rose up trembling, and waved his hand. Instantly the regiments began to file off, and in ten minutes, save for ourselves, the king, and a few attendants, the great space was left clear.

"White people," he said, "it passes in my mind to kill ye. Gagool has spoken strange words What say ye?"

I laughed. "Be careful, O king, we are not easy to slay. Thou hast seen the fate of the ox; wouldst thou be as the ox?"

The king frowned. "It is not well to threaten a king."

"We threaten not, we speak what is true. Try to kill us, O king! and learn."

The great man put his hand to his forehead.

"Go in peace," he said, at length. "To-night is the great dance. Ye shall see it. Fear not that I shall set a snare for ye. To-morrow I shall think."

"It is well, O king," I answered; unconcernedly, and then, accompanied by Infadoos, we rose, and went back to our kraal

CHAPTER X.

THE WITCH-HUNT.

On reaching our hut I motioned to Infadoos to enter with us.

"Now, Infadoos," I said, "we would speak with thee."

"Let my lords say on."

"It seems to us, Infadoos, that Twala, the king, is a cruel man."

"It is so, my lords. Alas! the land cries out with his cruelties. To-night ye will see. It is the great witch-hunt, and many will be smelled out as wizards and slain. No man's life is safe. If the king covets a man's cattle, or a man's life, or if he fears a man that he should excite a rebellion against him, then Gagool, whom ye saw, or some of the witch finding women whom she has taught, will smell that man out as a wizard, and he will be killed. Many will die before the moon grows pale to-night. It is ever so. Perhaps I, too, shall be killed. As yet I have been spared, because I am skilled in war and beloved by the soldiers; but I know not how long I shall live. The land groans at the cruelties of Twala, the king; it is wearied of him and his red ways."

"Then why is it, Infadoos, that the people do not cast him down?"

"Nay, my lords, he is the king and if he were killed Scragga would reign in his place, and the heart of Scragga is blacker than the heart of Twala, his father. If Scragga were the king the yoke upon our neck would be heavier than the yoke of Twala. If Imotu had never been slain, or if Ignosi, his son, had lived, it had been otherwise, but they are both dead."

"How know you that Ignosi is dead?" said a voice behind us. We looked round with astonishment to see who spoke. It was Umbopa.

"What meanest thou, boy?" asked Infadoos; "who told thee to speak?"

"Listen, Infadoos," was the answer, "and I will tell thee a story. Years ago the King Imotu was killed in this country, and his wife fled with the boy Ignosi. Is it not so?"

"It is so."

"It was said that the woman and the boy died upon the mountains. Is it not so?"

"Well, it came to pass that the mother and the boy Ignosi did not die. They crossed the mountains, and were led by a tribe of wandering desert men across the sands beyond, till at last they came to water and grass and trees again."

"How knowest thou that?"

"Listen. They traveled on and on, many month's journey, till they reached a land where a people called the Amazulu, who, too, are of the Kukuana stock, live by war, and with them they tarried many years, till at length the mother died. Then the son, Ignosi, again became a wanderer, and went on into a land of wonders, where white people live, and for many more years learned the wisdom of the white people."

"It is a pretty story," said Infadoos, incredulously.

"For many years he lived there working as a servant and a soldier, but holding in his heart all that his mother had told him of his own place, and casting about in his mind to find how he might get back there to see his own people and his father's house before he died. For many years he lived and waited, and at last the time came, as it ever comes to him who can wait for it, and he met some white men who would seek this unknown land, and joined himself to them. The white men started and journeyed on and on, seeking for one who is lost. They crossed the burning desert, they crossed the snow-clad mountains, and reached the land of the Kukuanas, and there they met thee, O Infadoos!"

"Surely thou art mad to talk thus," said the astonished old soldier.

"Thou thinkest so; see, I will show thee, oh my uncle. I am Ignosi, rightful king of the Kukuanas!"

"Look," he said; "what is this?" and he pointed to the mark of a great snake tattooed in blue around his middle, its tail disappearing in its open mouth just above where the thighs are set into the body.

Infadoos looked his eyes starting nearly out of his head, and then fell upon his knees.

"Koom! Koom, he ejaculated; "It is the king."

"Did I not tell thee so, my uncle? Rise; I am not yet the king, but with thy help, and with the help of these brave white men, who are my friends, I shall be. But the old woman Gagool was right, the land shall run with blood first, and hers shall run with it, for she killed my father with her words, and drove my mother forth. And now, Infadoos, choose thou. Wilt thou put thy hands between my hands and be my man? Wilt thou share the dangers that lie before me, and help me to overthrow this tyrant and murderer, or wilt thou not? Choose thou."

The old man put his hand to his head and thought. Then he rose, and advancing to where Umbopa, or rather Ignosi, stood, knelt before him, and took his hand.

"Ignosi, rightful king of the Kukuanas, I put my hand between thy hands, and am thy man till death. When thou wast a babe I dandled thee upon my knee, now shall my old arm strike for thee and freedom."

"It is well, Infadoos; if I conquer, thou shalt be the greatest man in the kingdom after the king. If I fail, thou canst only die, and death is not far off for thee. Rise, my uncle."

"And ye, white men, will ye help me? What have I to offer ye! The white stones, if I conquer and can find them, ye shall have as many as ye can carry hence. Will that suffice ye?"

I translated this remark.

"Tell him," answered Sir Henry, "that he mistakes an Englishman. Wealth is good, and if it comes in our way we will take it; but a gentleman does not sell himself for wealth. But, speaking for myself, I say this. I have always liked Umbopa, and so far as lies in me will stand by him in this business. It will be very pleasant to me to try and square matters with that cruel devil, Twala. What do you say, Good, and you, Quatermain?"

"Well," said Good, to adopt the language of hyperbole, in which all these people seem to indulge, "you can tell him that a row is surely good, and warms the cockles of the heart, and that so far as I am concerned I'm his boy. My only stipulation is, that he allows me to wear trousers."

I translated these answers.

"It is well, my friends," said Ignosi, late Umbopa; "and what say you, Macumazahn, art thou too with me, old hunter, cleverer than a wounded buffalo?"

I thought awhile and scratched my head.

"Umbopa, or Ignosi," I said, "I don't like revolutions. I am a man of peace, and a bit of a coward" (here Umbopa smiled), "but, on the other hand, I stick to my friends, Ignosi. You have stuck to us and played the part of a man, and I will stick to you. But mind you, I am a trader, and have to make my living, so I accept your offer about those diamonds in case we should ever be in a position to avail ourselves of it. Another thing: we came, as you know, to look for Incubu's (Sir Henry's) lost brother. You must help us to find him."

"That will I do," answered Ignosi. "Stay, Infadoos, by the sign of the snake round my middle, tell me the truth. Has any white man to thy knowledge set his foot within the land?"

"None, oh Ignosi."

"If any white man had been seen or heard of, wouldst thou have known it?"

"I should certainly have known."

"Thou hearest, Incubu," said Ignosi to Sir Henry, "he has not been here."

"Well, well," said Sir Henry, with a sigh; "there it is; I suppose he never got here. Poor fellow, poor fellow! So it has all been for nothing. 'God's will be done.'"

"Now for business," I put it, anxious to escape from a painful subject. "It is all very well to be a king by right divine, Ignosi, but how do you purpose to become a king indeed?"

"Nay, I know not. Infadoos, hast thou a plan?"

"Ignosi, son of the lightning," answered his uncle, "to-night is the great dance and witch-hunt. Many will be smelled out and perish, and in the hearts of many others there will be grief and anguish and anger against the King Twala. When the dance is over, then will I speak to some of the great chiefs who in turn, if I can win them over, shall speak to their regiments. I shall speak to the chiefs softly at first, and bring them to see that thou art indeed the king, and I think that by to-morrow's light thou shalt have twenty thousand spears at thy command. And now must I go and think, and hear, and make ready. After the dance is done I will, if I am yet alive, and we are all alive, meet thee here, and we will talk. At the best there will be war."

At this moment our conference was interrupted by the cry that messengers had come from the king. Advancing to the door of the hut we ordered that they should be admitted, and presently three men entered each bearing a shining shirt of chain armor, and a magnificent battle-ax.

"The gifts of my lord the king to the white men from the stars!" exclaimed a herald who came with them.

"We thank the king," I answered; "withdraw."

The men went, and we examined the armor with great interest. It was the most beautiful chain work we had seen.

"Do you make these things in this country, Infadoos?" I asked; "they are very beautiful."

"Nay, my lord, they come down to us from our forefathers. We know not who made them, and there are but few left. None but those of royal blood may wear them. They are magic coats through which no spear can pass. He who wears them is well-nigh safe in the battle. The king is well pleased or much afraid, or he would not have sent them. Wear them to-night, my lords."

The rest of the day we spent quietly resting and talking over the situation, which was sufficiently exciting. At last the sun went down, the thousand watch-fires glowed out, and through the darkness we heard the tramp of many feet and the clashing of hundreds of spears, as the regiments passed to their appointed places to be ready for the great dance.

About ten the full moon came up in splendor, and as we stood watching her ascent Infadoos arrived, clad in full war toggery, and accompanied by a guard of twenty men to escort us to the dance. We had already, as he recommended, donned the shirts of chain armor which the king had sent us, putting them on under our ordinary clothing, and finding to our surprise that they were neither very heavy nor uncomfortable. These steel shirts, which had evidently been made for men of a very large stature, hung somewhat loosely upon Good and myself, but Sir Henry's fitted his magnificent frame like a glove. Then strapping our revolvers round our waists, and taking the battle-axes which the king had sent with the armor in our hands, we started.

On arriving at the great kraal, where we had that morning been interviewed by the king, we found that it was closely packed with some twenty thousand men arranged in regiments round it. The regiments were in turn divided into companies, and between each company was a little path to allow free passage to the witch-finders to pass up and down. Anything more imposing than the sight that was presented by this vast and orderly concourse of armed men it is impossible to conceive. There they stood perfectly silent, and the bright moonlight poured its light upon the forest of their raised spears, upon their majestic forms, waving plumes, and the harmonious shading of their various-colored shields. Wherever we looked was line upon line of set faces surmounted by range upon range of glittering spears.

"Surely," I said to Infadoos, "the whole army is here?"

"Nay, Macumazahn," he answered, "but a third part of it. One third part is present at this dance each year, another third part is mustered outside in case there should be trouble when the killing begins, ten thousand more garrison the outposts round Loo, and the rest watch at the kraals in the country. Thou seest it is a very great people."

"They are very silent," said Good, and indeed the intense stillness among such a vast concourse of living men was almost over-powering.

"What says Bougwan?" asked Infadoos.

I translated.

"Those over whom the shadow of Death is hovering are silent," he answered, grimly.

"Will many be killed?"

"Very many."

"It seems," I said to the other, "that we are going to asist at a gladiatorial show arranged regardless of expense."

Sir Henry shivered, and Good said that he wished that we could get out of it.

"Tell me," I asked Infadoos, "are we in danger?"

"I know not, my lords, I trust not; but do not seem afraid. If ye live through the night all may go well. The soldiers murmur against the king."

All this while we had been advancing steadily toward the center of the open space, in the midst of which were placed some stools. As we proceeded we perceived another small party coming from the direction of the royal hut.

"It is the king, Twala, and Scragga, his son, and Gagool the old, and see, with them are those who slay," and he pointed to a little group of about a dozen gigantic and savage-looking men, armed with spears in one hand and clubs in the other.

The king seated himself upon the center stool, Gagool crouched at his feet, and the others stood behind.

"Greeting, white lords," he cried, as he came up; "be seated, waste not the precious time—the night is all too short for the deeds that must be done. Ye come in a good hour, and shall see a glorious show. Look round," and he rolled his one wicked eye from regiment to regiment. "Can the stars show ye such a sight as this? See how they shake in their wickedness, all those who have evil in their hearts and fear the judgment of 'heaven above.'"

"Begin! begin!" cried out Gagool in her thin piercing voice, "the hyenas are hungry, they howl for food. Begin! begin!"

Then for a moment there was intense stillness, made horrible by a presage of what was to come.

The king lifted his spear, and suddenly twenty thousand feet were raised as though they belonged to one man, and brought down with a stamp upon the earth. This was repeated three times, causing the solid ground to tremble. Then from a far point of the circle a solitary voice began a wailing song, of which the refrain ran something as follows:

"What is the lot of man born of woman?"

Back came the answer rolling out from every throat in that vast company—

"Death!"

Gradually, however, the song was taken up by company after company, till the whole armed multitude were singing it, and I could no longer follow the words, except in so far as they appeared to represent various phases of human passions, fears, and joys. Now it seemed to be a love-song, now a majestic swelling war chant and last of all a death dirge ending suddenly in one heart-breaking wail that went echoing and rolling away in a volumn of blood-curdling sound. Again the silence fell upon the place, and again it was broken by the king lifting up his hand. Instantly there was a pattering of feet, and from out of the masses of the warriors strange and awful figures came running toward us. As they drew near we saw that they were those of women, most of them aged, for their white hair ornamented with small bladders taken from fish, streamed out behind them. Their faces were painted in stripes of white and yellow; down their backs hung snake-skins, and round their waists rattled circles of human bones, while each held in her hand a small forked wand. In all there were ten of them. When they arrived in front of us they halted, and one of them pointing with her wand toward the crouching figure of Gagool cried out—

"Mother, old mother, we are here."

"Good! good! good!" piped out that aged iniquity. "Are your eyes keen, Isanusis, (witch doctresses), "ye seers in dark places?"

"Mother they are keen."

"Good! good! good! Are your ears open, Isanusis, ye who hear words that come not from the tongue?"

"Mother, they are open."

"Good! good! good! Are your senses awake, Isanusis—can ye smell blood, can ye purge the land of the wicked ones who compass evil against the king and against their neighbors? Are ye ready to do the justice of 'Heaven above,' ye whom I have taught, who have eaten of the bread of my wisdom and drunk of the water of my magic?"

"Mother, we can."

"Then go! Tarry not ye vultures; see the slayers," pointing to the ominous group of executioners behind; "make sharp their spears; the white men from afar are hungry to see. Go.

With a wild yell the weird party broke away in every direction, like fragments from a shell and the dry bones round their waists rattling as they ran, made direct for various points of the dense human circle. We could not watch them all, so we fixed our eyes upon the Isanusi nearest us. When she came within a few paces of the warriors she halted and began to dance wildly, turning round and round with an almost incredible rapidity, and shrieking out sentences such as "I smell him, the evil-doer!" "He is near he who poisoned his mother!" "I hear the thoughts of him who thought evil of the king."

Suddenly the end came. With a shriek she sprung in and touched a tall warrior with the forked wand. Instantly two of his comrads, those standing immediately next to him seized the doomed man, each by one arm, and advanced with him toward the king.

He did not resist, but we saw that he dragged his limbs as though they were paralyzed, and his fingers, from which the spear had fallen, were limp as those of a man newly dead.

As he came, two of the villainous executioners stepped forward to meet him. Presently they met, and the executioners turned round toward the king as though for orders.

"Kill!" said the king.

"Kill!" squeaked Gagool.

"Kill!" re-echoed Scragga with a hollow chuckle.

Continued next week

The Pawnee Indians have become so civilized that most of the bucks wear paper collars, the squaws wear red stockings, and all are catching on to the popular songs and slang words.

THE RED LIGHT.

There, stranger, do you see that cripple comin' over there with a crutch?" said old Sim Perkins, the section foreman, whose section ended at the little town of P— on the South Shore Railroad, to the accompanying passenger with whom he had struck up a conversation while they were both waiting on the station platform for the east-bound passenger train.

He nodded his head as he spoke, toward a girl sixteen or seventeen years of age, who was hobbling up the road to the depot.

The passenger said he saw her, and Jim continued:

"Well, sir, that little girl is a hee-rowine; she's got more bravery in her than any two t'I know on. Sand! Why she's got more sand than the biggest mogul engine on the South Shore Road. Ye don't see what chance she has to show it, eh?"

"Well, I'll tell ye a story that'll open yer eyes, I'm thinkin', hold on till she gets by."

"How d'do, Mary?" he said, as the girl approached, and after acknowledging his salutation, see passed on and stopped at the waiting-room door at the farther end of the platform. Jim waited until she got out of earshot, and then, turning again to his listener, proceeded with the story.

"'Twas two year ago, shortly arter I tuk this 'ere section," he said, "that the thing happened. Mary—her name's Mary Wheeler—lived over there in that little house ye see, jest this side o' the big red barn, with her mother, a widder, and little sister.

"Her brother Jack was express messenger on the late train, No. 57, that passed here at 11:30 at night. He boarded the train at Swanton, the end o' this division o' the road, and was only at home when he got a day off.

"The road was new at that time, and the gravel pits along the track hadn't been closed up yet. They still had gravel trains a-running, and the gang that loaded the cars was a lot of dirty, nasty Italians that boarded together in old box-cars, switched off on to a shaky side track sum'ares, or in shanties built for 'em by the company in the pits.

"Dugan's pit is jest across the trestle over east there, and around that cuvre. It's about half a mile from here, and ye can see it from the car window as ye pass.

"At that time about 150 Italians was working in Dugan's and about a hundred on 'em lived in the shanty they had between the main-track and the gravel-pit side track.

"They was a hard set, and used to have lots o' rows up there nights, and specially pay-day nights, when they gen'ally had a keg er two o' beer at the shanty and plenty of dago cussedness for it to work on.

"Some one of 'em was killed or stabbed about every pay-day night; but Lord! ther' wasn't any notice tuk of 'em, dead or alive, and the town authorities would'nt o' cared if they'd all been murdered, s'long's they fought amongst 'emselves and didn't offer no violence to white folks.

"Well, one pay-day night Mary'd been over to Jenny Thompson's, a friend o' her'n that lives down the street a piece, and she was havin' sech a good time that before she knowed it 'twas half past ten o'clock.

"Of course she got ready to go hum. Jenny offered to go half way with her, but she said she wasn't afraid, and taking her crutch she started out.

"'Twasn't very dark and she , along all right till she cum 't the corner of Granger's barn, when she saw two men comin' up the road toward her.

"She didn't think they'd seen her, so she stepped in under the shadder o' the carriage shed roof to let 'em pass.

"They kim along 'till they got in front o' the shed, but 'stead o' goin' by they turned in too, and for a moment she was 'fraid they seen her go in, and was follerin' her.

"But they hadn't; and so soon as they got inside they began talkin together kind o' low like; not so low, though, but Mary could hear what they said. She was only about four feet away, and ther' was a wagon between the men and her.'

"They were tramps, and along with another of the same ilk they'd been stealin' a ride on the front end o' the baggage car of No. 57 the night before, when old Tom Baker, the conductor, spotted 'em and when the train got here he stopped and fired them off.

"They were awfully mad and they'd made up their mind to get square with him. So they planned as how one of 'em was to sneak down the road in the afternoon 'till he got past Dugan's. pit, and hide in the woods there 'till after dark; then cum over to the track and pile some ties on it, so's to wreck No. 57 when she cum 'long. O' course they'd light out after they'd had their revenge and everybody'd think t'was the drunken dagoes t' did it.

"After they'd talked it all over and arranged as how they was to go by different routes to Swanton and meet there again, they separated and walked off.

"Mary had made her mind up. She knew that everybody in town had gone to bed by this time, and she was the only one that had any chance o' savin' Jack and the other passengers on 57.

"There was an old red lantern o' Jack's in the woodshed of her house, and she hurried around and got it. She found a match in the shed and lit the lantern with it. Then she cum out to the road again and started for the depot.

"Just as she struck the railroad track the moon went behind a pack o' dark clouds and, as she had only the light of the red lamp, she had to almost feel her way along.

"She didn't know what time it was, and was mortally feared she'd be too late, 'caus she had over half a mile to go, and that there big trestle to cross, and a pack o' drunken Italians to run the gauntlet of.

"She had grit, though, as I'm tellin' ye of, and she made that old crutch o' hers work pretty fast 'till she got down to the trestle.

"Then come a tug o' war, gettin' over that. She started out on her feet, but she couldn't see whether her crutch was stridin, the ties or goin' between 'em, and before long she made a misstep, and plumb!—went one leg down between the ties.

"She got up pretty badly bruised, and tried it again; but before she'd gone far, down she went, and raised a big welt on her forehead from strikin' it against a stringer.

"Then she gave it up, and got down on her hands and knees and crawled along in the dark a feelin' of her way with her hands.

"Finally she got over, but she was that bruised up from fallin', and she'd lost so much time a kneein' of her way across the trestle, that she knew she'd got to strain every muscle in her body to get beyond Dugan's in time to stop No. 57; and I tell ye she just laid herself out to get there.

"'Twas plain sailin' now 'til she got down to the telegraph shanty, w'ich is jist this side o' the pit, and though 'twas almighty dark, Mary made good time, and when she got to the shanty, where the long stretch of straight track begins, ole 57 wasn't in sight yit.

"She could hear the 'tally-mens' a-singin' and raisin' the Ol' Ned over in their shanty, but that didn't stop her. She only gripped her cruten the harder and hurried to get by. They's a path along the pit side o' the main track, between the telegraph shanty and the east end of the sidin' where the swamp begins, and she thought she could get along better by follerin' that as far as t'went.

"She was stumpin' it along as fast as God'd let her, when of a sudden her foot hit suthin' layin' in the path, and she fell head first across it onter the ground.

"The thing grunted and rolled over and she knew 'twas a man layin' there, but he was so drunk he didn't wake up.

"Mary was so startled, though, by the suddenness o' the thing, that before she knew it she let out a yell.

"Three or four Italians that was standin' outside o' the shanty door heard the screech, and they picked up some torches such as they use for diggin' gravel by at night, and started over to see what was the matter.

"Mary'd picked herself up, and she crawled along down the path, a hidin' o' the red lantern under her overskirt 'til she got out o' range o' the torchlight. and when the Italians was all gathered 'round their partner, a layin' there dead drunk, she lit out for dear life.

"When she got to the end of the path, she got up on to the road-bed again, and hadn't gone more'n forty yard when she run onto the ties that the tramps had piled on the track.

"Instead of bein' one or two, though, there was a dozen of 'em, for the feller meant bizness, an' he'd made sure that there was no way o' the train gettin' by the ties without runnin' off.

"They wasn't all piled up together, but was laid along one by one.

"Mary stooped down and tried to lift the first one off, but somehow'r other she couldn't make it budge!

"She tried again, but 'twas no go, and then she saw that the ties was all wedged down to the track by havin' two stakes drove slantin' across each end of em!

"Just as she was beginnin' to realize that she couldn't move 'em, she heard No. 57 whistle for Swartzville curve, 'bout a mile'n a half away.

"She grabbed the lantern and started down the track, a-swingin' of it from side to side as she saw 57's headlight a-loomin' round the curve.

"'Here? w'at yer doin' with that yer red light!' somebody hollered at her, and when she looked 'round she saw a man get up from the shadder o' the fence and come a-runnin' arter her.

"It didn't take her no time to guess that feller was the one what was a doin' the wreckin', but she thought she could keep a head o'him till she got the train stopped.

"He wasn't goin' ter have it that way though, and he was a-gainin' on her at every step.

"She was desprit then, and, sir, I believe God was a guidin' of her and givin' of her strength, for such weak creatures as her couldn't stand no such strain as that lessen they was given strength from some'eres.

"So, just as the tramp got within ten feet of 'er and she see she couldn't keep away from him any longer, she stopped of a sudden and set the lantern down on the track.

"Then she grabbed her crutch by the small end, and swingin' it around, she brought it down ca-thump on the critter's head, and he dropped in his tracks without a kick.

"'Twas all done a second, sir, butin at such times as that, every second that's wasted is worth a year of ordinary time, and when Mary picked up the lantern again 57 had closed up the gap between 'em until she thought she never would be able to stop 'em quick enough.

"Dick Richards, the engineer, was lookin' out, though, and when he blew a short blast on the whistle Mary knew he'd seen the light, and after she'd set the lantern in the middle of the track she stepped off on the side of the road-bed.

"Dick put on the air-brakes and threw the lever over, and 57 gave a jerk like a horse a-balkin' on the race track, and then eased up slow-like, and stopped just before she got to the red light.

"Dick and Tom Baker and Jack Wheeler run up ahead to the lantern and found Mary layin' there on the side o' the track, where she'd fell in a faintin' fit when she heard the last exhaust of 57's engine as it pulled up and stopped.

"While Jack and Tom was a-takin' Mary back to the train, Dick walked down the track and found the tramp a-layin' right where he'd fell.

"They picked him up and put him in the baggage car, and the next time he got his wits about him he found himself bein' properly tended to.

"He's servin' a good long term in State's prison now, but one thing I'm sure of, sir, there's 'honor among thieves' even when they're as bad as these 'ere tramps, for that feller'd never give e'en a one o' his partners away.

"They got wind o' how their game didn't pan out and vamoosed, and nobody ever got track of 'em again."

"Here comes yer train, mister," said the old man. "Good day, sir; ye can see the pit and shanties down the road, just beyond the curve."

Then, as the train drew up and stopped at the station, he answered an inquiring look of the passenger, by:

"Yes, that's Jack a-talkin to Mary over there now. Good day, sir, good day."

Naval Notes.

New York World.

The last sailing vessel built for the navy was the Constellation, completed in 1855. She is at present in commission as a practice ship, attached to the Naval Academy.

The electrical search-lights with which every modern man-of-war is now provided are in themselves articles of peculiar interest. They range from eight thousand to thirty thousand candle power, so arranged with reflectors that their rays can be concentrated into a single beam and thrown in any direction. An object two miles distant is easily illuminated.

The remains of the Confederate ram Merrimac, that, but for the prowess of the Monitor, might have changed the course of events in the struggle for supremacy between the North and the South, have just been sold for old iron The Merrimac was run ashore and blown up to avoid her capture by the Yankee blue jackets, and when the war closed she became a war relic.

It is said that the largest gun in the British Navy is capable of throwing a projectile weighing 1,700 pounds at a velocity of over a mile in four seconds, the momentum being equal to that of 27,213 tons of metal falling one foot. It requires 370 pounds of powder to fire this shot at this velocity, so any one versed in the prices of steel and saltpetre can calculate the cost of every shot that these guns will throw. It will be found to be about $1,000.

Charleston, S. C., is the home of two naval celebrities, Commodore Ingraham, who is hale and hearty at eighty-seven, and his nephew, Captain F. N. Bonneau. Ingraham's plucky release of Koster was at one time the subject of conversation in all the diplomatic circles of Europe and America. The veteran is now the only survivor of the war of 1812. He was a midshipman on the lakes with Perry. Captain Bonneau served through the Mexican war, and was in active service throughout the rebellion under the Confederate colors.

With Your Fingers.

Philadelphia Press.

Tho list of things that can be eaten with the fingers is on the increase, says a Washington woman. It includes all bread, toast, tarts and small cakes, celery and asparagus, when served whole, as it should be either hot or cold; lettuce, which must be crumbled in the fingers and dipped in the salt or sauce; olives, to which a fork should never be put any more than a knife should be used on raw oysters, and strawberries, when served with the stems on, as they should be, are touched to pulverized sugar. In the use of the fingers greater indulgence is being shown, and you cannot, if you are well bred, make any very bad mistake in this direction, especially when the finger-bowl stands by you and the napkin is handy.

The Wrong House.

Life.

Tramp (thinking to obtain sympathy) —I say, mum, I ain't got nowhere that I kin call a home, and I ain't eat nuthin' all day. Would you mind it, mum, if I slep' in the snow here untill mornin'?

Lady of the House (who knows 'em) —No, I ain't got any objections. You can drop down there anywhere. Only remember that, as I don't charge you anything for your lodgin' I shall expec' you to shovel the snow away from the house in the mornin'.

THIS AND THAT.

There is a man in the Eighth Ward who is so stingy that he won't allow himself to be weighed because he would have to tip the beam.

The electric light is making progress in Berlin, the number of lights now in use there being about 25,000, against 850 at the end of 1886.

Jay Gould has aged very much in the last year, and in that time his beard, once black and glossy, has grown almost as white as snow.

Ex-President Hayes will be the most prominent guest of Senator Sherman in Washington during the coming inauguration ceremonies.

Queen Victoria has recently sold a number of her best selections of live stock at high prices, some of the Devon bullocks bringing 51 guineas apiece.

The word "folk-lore," invented by the late W. J. Thomas for use in English, has been adopted by the French and appears in the titles of new publications.

According to experiments recently made the tensile strength of a wet rope is only one-third that of the same rope when dry, and a rope saturated with grease or soap is weaker still.

There has been made in Geneva a musical box that plays entire operas, solos rendered by pipes representing the human voice. These newest of harmonious inventions are to be exhibited at the Paris exposition.

The fastest armored cruiser in the world is said to be the German vessel, Grief, of 2,000 tons and 5,400 horse power. From Kiel to Wilhelmshafen she attained a speed of twenty-three knots an hour.

Living on a Penny a Day.

London Hospital.

Dr. T. R. Allison has been trying the experiment of living on meal and water for a month. His daily allowance is one pound of whole meal, made into a cake with distilled water, and one quart of water. His account of his condition after a week is cheering. In the first few days he felt hungry, but about the fourth day this disappeared, and he had no longer any craving for other food. His brain was clear, his lung capacity had increased five inches, and both his sight and his hearing had improved. He had lost seven pounds weight, but seems to regard this as rather an advantage. Altogether he feels thoroughly satisfied with his experiment. It is a very economical one, the wheat for seven days having cost only eight pence. "This," he says, "is living on almost a penny a day and enjoying it."

What the Pacific Coast Would Do.

San Francisco Chronicle.

A Sacramento dispatch says that 10,000 men could be secured there for service in Samoa in case of war. No one ever had any doubt that volunteers would be difficult to obtain. Once ye the war excitement spread and the Pacific coast would furnish all the soldiers needed. What we want in a war with Germany, or with any other power except Mexico, is a navy. Given that and the United States would be more than a match for any of the first-class European powers, despite their great standing armies.

The Secretary of the Navy has received from the American Nickle Works, of Camden, N. J., a piece of timber drawn up from the wreck of the San Pablo, one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada, which sailed in 1588 for the conquest of England. The timber was recovered off the coast of Santiago de Cuba.

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An Historical Paper.

It devotes unceasing research to the hitherto unpublished history of the Negro in this country and will from time to time print and illustrate the legends and romances of the Negro, written by colored authors.

A Literary Paper.

It keeps a pace with the educational and literary progress of the race. It will review all books and criticise all publications by colored men and women. It endeavors to encourage and create a demand for the works of colored authors

An Illustrated Paper.

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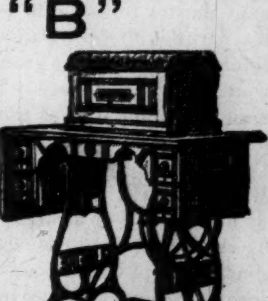

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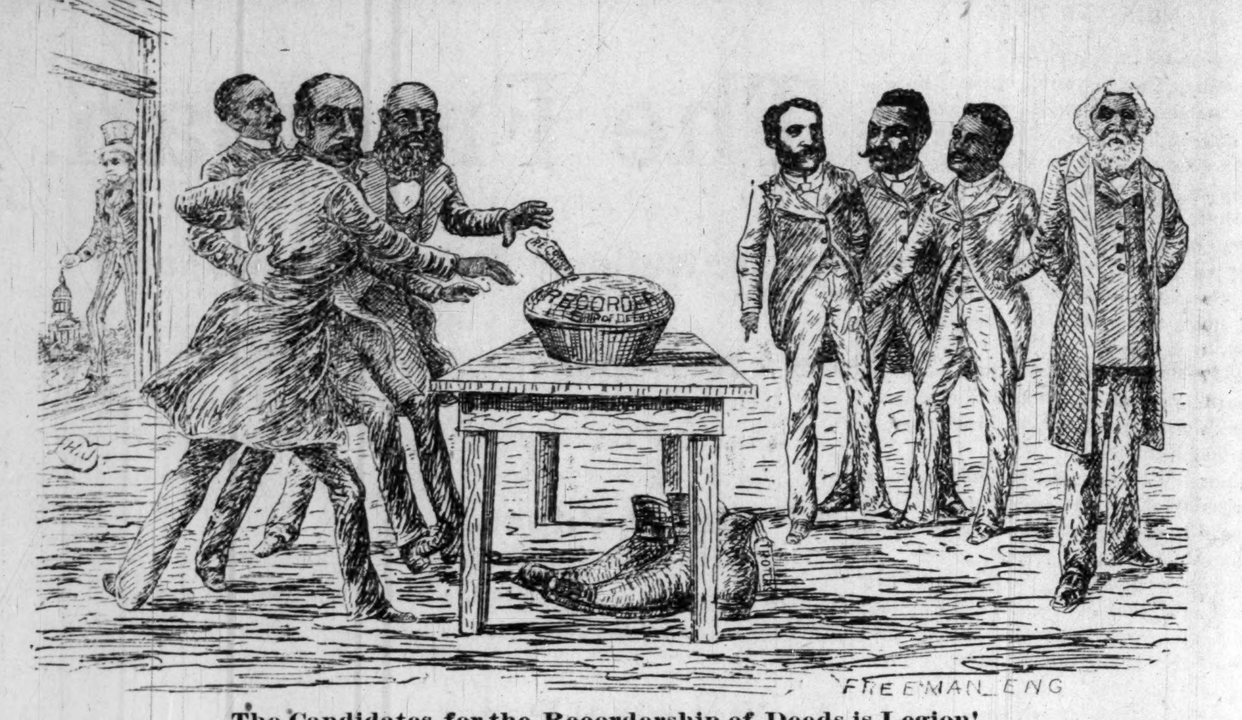

The Candidates for the Reordership of Deeds is Legion!
Our artist has reduced the number down to the seven who have a "sure thing o. it." Do you recognize any of th-m? Guess.

RECOGNITION 'N KANSAS

TOPEKA, Kas., Feb., 19, 89.

Ed Freeman—I desire to call your attention to the following errors in your issue of the 16th, in the biographical sketch of John L. Waller of this city.

Mr. Waller made fifty-one speeches in the campaign of 1888, instead of 1883.

He was Acting Sergeant of the House in 1887, bit the article makes it appear that he is at present acting in that capacity. He was appointed Deputy County Attorney January 28, 1888, instead of June 28. 1883.

The Kansas Legislature employes seven colored men, and two pages in the House and four in the Senate. We also have two enrolling clerks in the House, Miss Julia E. Terry, of Emporia, and Miss Katie Hill, of Hutchinson.

We have over twenty colored men employed by the city and county administrations.

The American Citizen, a colored paper published in this city, celebrated its first anniversary on the evening of the 22d inst.

Everyone who has read The Freeman so far, passes the highest encomiums upon it. A newspaper of its standard deserves and will certainly have unparalleled succes P. H. BRAY.

Elder J. H. Holmes, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., has done a great work for his people He is a good pastor and a wise leader. The fact that he has held his pastorate for over twenty years, with constant additions of souls to the kingdom of Christ; demonstrates the fact that God is on his side.

A bill has been introduced in the Ohio Legislature to re-enact so much of the old black law as to re-establish separate schools for the blacks and whites

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THE BEST NEGRO JOURNAL.

What the Leading Newspapers of the Country Say and Think of the Freeman.

American Baptist says:

The Freeman, published at Indianapolis, Ind., is the only original illustrated paper published by colored men. It is a splendid specimen of typographical beauty, and regardless of its past political record merits the words of congratulation that we now extend.

Gate City Press says:

The boldest venture in Negro journalism is the handsomely illustrated eight page Freeman, published at Indianapolis by E. E. Cooper. Last week's issue contained ten well executed large sized cuts of leading colored people, among whom are Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper, Mrs. Mary Ella Mossell, Miss Ida B. Wells (Iola), Hon. James M. Townsend, Edwin Fletcher Horn and others, also a scene representing a ticket seller at a prominent theater refusing to sell tickets in the parquet circle to pair of well dressed colored people on the ground that they were all sold, but a seedy looking Irishman who came up was told there were plenty of good seats left yet. Editor Cooper is surely shooting at the stars But where will his arrow strike? Let us hope it will go straight to the sun. To succeed it would seem that the Negro must attempt the impossible nay, perform it. However brief his glory Editor Cooper can boast of the most pretentious newspaper yet published by a Negro.

Virginia Lancet says:

Decidedly the best newspaper in typographical make up and mechanical arrangement published by colored men in this country is the Freeman an illustrated independent journal issued every Saturday at Indianapolis, Ind. If our people desire a really good paper we advice them to subscribe to it. Among its contributors are many of the best Negro writers in this country.

Baptist Messenger Baltimore, Md., says:

We were greatly pleased to find among our exchanges the welcome face of The Freeman, an eight page paper published at Indianapolis, Indiana. Perusing its contents of intelligent and instructive articles we became convinced of its superiority as a paper of untold worth to its thousands of eager readers, and one that should find its way into the home of every colored family in this broad land.

The first page has an admirable wood cut engraving of the Hon. Frederick Douglass, the champion of equal rights and religious liberty, together with an article upon some of the sorest trials and political acheivments of this great defender of his race.

The Freeman is a harbinger of instruction and a beacon light in the phalanx of journalism; We wish it God speed.

The Baptist Leader, Selma, Alabama, says:

The Freeman, published at Indianapolis, Ind., is the most extensive paper both in size and information, published by colored people in the United States It gathers news from the Lakes to the Gulf, from Maine to California, and watches the cables from the distant shores. It is a six column eight page weekly with cuts and biographical sketches of the leading men and women of our race.

The Star of Zion says:

The Indianapolis Freeman is certainly making a worthy record for itself as an illustrated Negro journal. It is the first enterprise ot the kind ever undertaken, and deserves all the success it is likely to receive, and more. It is popular. able and vigorous in its editorial utterances. It is filling a long felt want, and we bid Brother Cooper Godspeed in his commendable effort.

The Philadelphia Sentinel says:

The initial pictorial journal of the race in the United States, so far as in known, has just been issued by Mr. Edward E. Cooper, a widely known Indiana newspaper man, who for the last two years has been the proprietor and editor of The Freeman, a strong and independent sheet published in Indianapolis. The paper has been made into an illustrated paper, with the same name The Freeman. The following mention of it is clipped from the Boston Morning Herald of the 17th inst.:

"It is a six column eight-page sheet. On the first page there is an engraving representing the colored Americans passing from slavery to emancipation The central figure is that of Abraham Lincoln unloosening the shackles from the limbs of the slaves. An excellen likeness of the Hon. Frederick Douglass adorns one page, and scenes from his life are given as follows: Mrs. Auld, his Mistress' daughter, teaching him to read; his first escape from slavery; found in the woods by his old friend "Sandy"; capture and imprisonment in jail; second escape and an encounter with a mob in Indiana; Marshall at President Garfield's administration; revisit to his old home in Maryland; his present home in Anacostia. There are other features in the paper which make it a most valuable journal for both white and black Americans who wish to keep themselves posted as to the progress of the race in all the departments of life." It is to be hoped that our people in Boston will take an interest in, and become subscribers for The Freeman. The subscription is $2.50 per year, and $1.35 for six months. It is well worth twice the amount.

The Indianapolis Journal says:

So far as we are acquainted with colored journalism, the best paper published in the interests of colored people is The Freeman, of this city. No other paper that we know of is doing as good work in the special field indicated. Its advocacy of the interests of the colored people is able and dignified, and its illustrated sketches of the colored literary men and women are excellently well conceived and executed.

Justice, Chattanooga, Tenn., says:

The Freeman, published at Indianapolis by the indefatigable never-to-be-discouraged Edward E. Cooper, has made a remarkable forward move. It is now an illustrated weekly and will undoubtedly succeed. It was always our opinion that if we should made our race journals just as good as papers conducted by white men. then our race papers would succeed. Mr. Cooper is solving that problem with success. Fertile in conception, a master of resources, we feel that Mr. Cooper will make his venture a success. To make it succeed we call on our friends to subscribe for the only "picture" paper published by colored men. One copy of the last issue is worth a year's subscription. A copy is on file in our office, and we will with pleasure take names and subscriptions. Mr. E. E. Cooper makes a capital editor. He is bright, quick, discriminating, sagacious, indefatigable and never "slops over." Industry is one of the great secrets of success, and wins in journalism as in other lines. We again wish success.

Huntsville Gazette says:

The current issue of The Freeman the only illustrated colored newspaper of the world, is highly creditable to its proprietor, Edward E. Cooper, and a gratification to the growing spirit of race pride among colored Americans. It is adorned with portraits of some of our literary colored women and also of Edwin F. Horn, the talented editor of Justice of Chatanooga and John J. Irvine, Clerk of Circuit Court, Chatanooga, Tenn., who is also distinguished as a machinist.

The Freeman is published at Indianapolis, Ind. Subscription price $2.40 a year $1.35 six months, and is well worth the money.

The following is from the Washington Bee:

We have just received Vol. I. No. XXI, of The Indianapolis Freeman, Edward E. Cooper, editor. It is one of the finest journals published in this country. It contains a fine portrait of W. Allison Sweeney, the silver tongued orator of the West, and a sketch from him of eminent authors. We congratulate our friend on the fine appearance of The Freeman.

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Old Prunes 5c a lb
New dried apples 5c a lb
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Codfish 5 and 7½c a lb
Holland Herring 5 and 10c
Russians Sardines 5 c a keg
Flang's Catsup 1 gallon 50c
Home Kraut 1 gallon 15c
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Lard 3 lbs 25c
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